

LOST
AND
RESCUED.



BY A. L. MORSE.

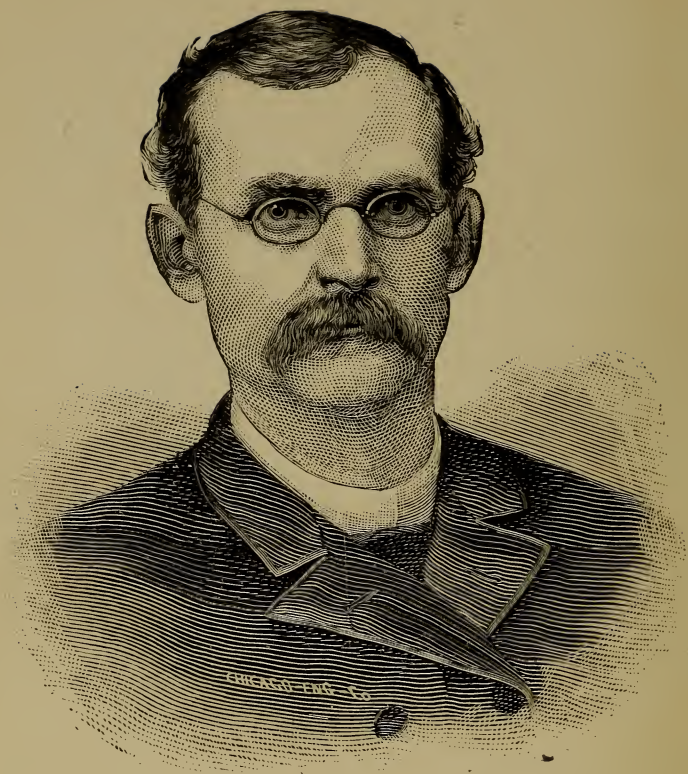
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



Yours Very truly,
A. L. Morse.

LOST AND RESCUED

BY

A. L. MORSE, M.S.

AN ADVOCATE OF

GOSPEL TEMPERANCE EXTENSION

With

An Original Poem, Entitled

AFTER FIFTY YEARS

INTRODUCTION

BY

M. R. DRURY, D.D.

DAYTON, OHIO
W. J. SHUEY, PUBLISHER
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DEDICATED
TO
D. L. MOODY
UNDER WHOSE INFLUENCE I RECEIVED
THE PROFOUND INSPIRATION
OF MY LIFE
TO ENGAGE IN
GOSPEL TEMPERANCE RESCUE WORK

PREFACE

“Do ALL the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can,
As long as ever you can.

“I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can do to any fellow human being, let me do it now; let me not delay nor neglect it, for I will never pass this way again.”

Prompted by the inspiring sentiment expressed in the above lines, these pages have been written; and whatever faults the book may have, either of omission or commission, the author is conscious of being actuated by the purest of motives. The thought of living in this world of change and need, with its golden opportunities passing with the speed of fleeting time, has given me an abiding inspiration in my work and an increasing purpose to do my duty. Thus was the book conceived in thought and afterwards brought to completion.

A gifted writer, with a play of humor, has said: “The driest things of which I know are sawdust, statistics, and political speeches.” The sawdust of useless rubbish has therefore been omitted, statistics have been but little used, and political speeches have been forgotten in the one absorbing thought to express the red-hot truths that have burned and glowed, a consuming flame in the soul, until, like the fires within the heart of a pent-up volcano, they could no longer be suppressed. Too often the tolling church-bell has told to my ears the story of one I dearly loved, who fell in death from a secret malady, to which, for the sake of friends, the physician, in his death certificate, gave some name remote in meaning from the real disease. Too often my

eyes have seen a thoughtless, reckless youth of respectable parents reeling to his home of luxury after sipping wine with companions in the society circle or at a select social club. Too often have my olfactory nerves been shocked by the odor of liquor in the breath of those whom I never dreamed tasted or touched the intoxicating cup. And the more awful woes of the hopelessly lost have impelled me to work and write and speak and pray for the removal of the dreadful curse of *intemperance*, now blighting the flower of our country's manhood,—*the seventh plague of our land*. Therefore, for the sake of the multiplied thousands whom I hope to see saved these pages have been written, with an earnest prayer that every reader will also make haste to rescue all others that he possibly can, and prevent from falling those in danger of being lost.

A. L. MORSE.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, February 4, 1895.

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INTRODUCTION

THE LOST, AND HOW TO RESCUE THEM

THERE are lost ones to be rescued. In every city, town, and hamlet in our land there are men and women lost to the true end of living. The average young man is lost to what is highest and best in character and life. His tastes are on the lower levels. He cares far more for the gratification of his physical nature than he does that his immortal soul be properly cared for. He spends his leisure loafing on the street or in the saloons, on the athletic field or at the theater. He does not interest himself in anything requiring patient thought, profitable study, or other efforts for personal improvement. He is really lost to his own highest good. He may not yet have lost his self-respect or the respect of his friends; he may not yet have fallen into open and reckless vice; he may not yet be afflicted with that awful parasite, habit, that is the curse of so many young men,—but he is really lost; and, if he does not face about and lead a different life, he will go on in his downward career till rescue is no longer possible.

There are young women who are likewise lost. If they have not departed from the path of virtue and become outcasts in society, as is the case with many, they are nevertheless lost to the highest moral purposes and ambitions. They give themselves up to the excesses of dress and fashion, to the frivolities of a giddy, thoughtless life, and so fail of life's real end. They, too, are in the way that certainly leads to irretrievable loss, present and future.

Then there are parents who are lost to the holy offices which belong to them, and to the lofty possibilities which are within their reach. For want of proper guidance in early life, and through the influence of vicious associations

and habits, they have grown reckless of duty and are deformed and ugly in character. The father may be a drunkard; or, if not, spends his evenings in the club house, doing nothing to make a happy home for wife and children. He is not a true husband and father. He is utterly lost to these sacred relations.

The wife, too, may be lost to the obligations of her queenly realm. She may be faithless, and lack those habits of taste, frugality, and winsomeness so essential to congenial family relations and to real home comfort and affection.

How many there are who are thus utter strangers to a happy home life! Parents know nothing of it; children know nothing of it. In the large cities, among the dwellers in rickety tenement houses, among other classes of the laboring poor, among the vicious and dissipated, how marked and shocking are the evidences of depravity and loss! The poverty, the filth, the discomfort, the crime, the woe! These abound. What fields for rescue work! What opportunities for the exercise of philanthropic effort, for gospel and temperance work! These awful conditions of sin and squalor are due to the use of strong drink more than to all other causes combined. These victims of this awful curse must be rescued from its fiendish grasp or they are lost forever.

In the great cities and in the larger towns the vicious elements of the world are gathering. The frontier settlements are no longer in the great West, on the prairies and in the mountain valleys, but in the mighty centers of population, like New York and Chicago, where great numbers of foreigners are gathered, who have brought to this country their ignorance and their vices. What fields are here for the gospel missionary and evangelist! If these classes are to be rescued from their lost estate, are to be lifted out of their filth, their ignorance, and their crime to cleanliness, nobility, and salvation from their sins, Christian effort must do it. Missions must be planted among these people. Men and women with the Christ spirit must go among them, live among them, and by the power of their holy living and

example, by their self-sacrifice and devotion, show them the true life of the children of God.

This city mission work, this evangelization of the lost and perishing, will not be thoroughly done until Christian people feel a deeper interest in the salvation of souls and a more intense longing for the coming of the kingdom of God upon the earth. A grand work is already being done in this needy and inviting field, and yet "the harvest is great and the laborers are few."

How shall this needed work of rescue be carried on? With what spirit, with what methods, and with what instruments? With the gospel spirit surely, and, first of all, with such methods as the Holy Spirit can honor and bless, and with such instruments as God-filled men and women, the church, the Bible, and the school. These agencies must be primary, all others secondary. Their wise use will imply—

1. Heroic earnestness. Christ is our example of this kind of earnestness. He ever went about doing good. Paul had an earnestness bordering upon enthusiasm. To his work of preaching the gospel in the great cities of his time he gave the combined energies of his body, mind, and heart. The secret of success in winning souls is not so much the result of gifts and attainments as it is of earnestness. If any one is dead in earnest to save souls, save them from sin, intemperance, and worldly folly, he will find souls that want to be saved, and souls whom he can save by God's help. There was once a village carpenter who, it is said, did more good in his community than any other person who ever lived in it. He could not talk much in public, and he did not try; but he was in earnest in doing what he could. He was not worth much in this world's goods, and it was very little he could put down on subscription papers. But a new family never moved into the village that he did not find it out, and give them a neighborly welcome, and offer them some service. He was always on the lookout to give strangers seats in his pew at church. He was always ready to watch with a sick neighbor, and to look after his affairs for him. He and his wife often sent little bouquets

to friends and invalids in the winter time. He found time for a pleasant word to every child he met. He had a genius for helping those who needed help. And he did help, and chiefly because he was in earnest in all he did. He put his heart into it.

2. Another element in the Christian worker essential to the rescue of the lost is love—love for their souls. This is more than all learning or other acquirements and powers. Something akin to that which brought Jesus Christ to this world is needed by those who would go down into the slums, or into other places where the lost are, and win them to better living. It will require love's touch to arouse them and inspire them to a better life.

It is said that, during the Civil War in our country, word came to a mother that her boy had been wounded in battle, and was in the hospital. She could not rest till she went to see him. On her arrival, the physician said: "Your boy is fast asleep. If you go in and wake him, the excitement will kill him. By and by, when he awakes, I will gently break the news to him." The mother, with her loving heart fairly breaking to see her boy, looked into the surgeon's face and said: "He may never awaken. If you will let me sit by his side, I promise not to speak to him." Consent was given, and the mother drew quietly to the side of the cot, and looked into the face of her darling boy. How she longed to embrace him! She could not resist laying her gentle, loving hand on his forehead. The moment her hand touched the boy's brow, his lips moved, and he whispered, without opening his eyes, "Mother, you have come." Even in his sleep he knew the touch of love. But that was a mother's hand and a mother's love which thrilled the sleeping soldier boy.

There are others who love us intensely, but there is a difference between their touch and that of mother. That hand which rested on our brow in time of pain and trouble may have long since moldered to dust. We shall never feel its like again. It is also true that the love which can lay a hand upon the heads and hearts of the lost, and

awaken them from the night of death in sin, which holds them with such a strong embrace, is a particular kind of love—a love born in the soul by the living, gracious touch of Jesus Christ. May every one whose heart he has touched, and who wishes to so lay his hands on the lost that he may win them to Christ, be ready to say to every call of love and duty: “Lord, here am I; send me. Whithersoever thou leadest, I will gladly go.”

3. There must also be implicit faith in God’s power to save. Human efforts or expedients are unavailing in themselves alone. “I have never heard, nor has any one else, of anything except the gospel that proposes to regenerate the heart, and by the influence of that renewed heart rectify and purify the life.” We may have wholesome laws, and execute them; we may have wise systems of economic salvation, and all kinds of devices for the correction of bad habits and vices, and well-organized agencies of charity for temporary need, but the gospel is the only power that can save a soul and save the world. All else, however it may bear upon this one remedy for the sin and wretchedness of this world, is but half-and-half work, and must come short of the desired end. God only can save. He has “so loved the world, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” “Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.”

It is an unwavering faith in God and the gospel of his Son that gives power. It is an overcoming, victorious faith. The worker thus equipped takes the gospel to the lost, relying fully on its power to save. His work bears fruit, because it is a work of faith. He is able to return, after the seed-sowing, rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. What a glorious service! The lost have been rescued!

The author of this volume keeps well in view this end. He deals with the great principles which relate to Christian duty and privilege in the regeneration of the individual and of society. His work, treating as it does of subjects by no means new, is exceedingly fresh and vigorous in thought,

and is singularly free from trite sayings and hackneyed phrases.

With these introductory words in harmony with its general spirit and purpose, I heartily commend the book to all into whose hands it may fall. It is full of good things for all classes, especially the young; and, if read with the thoughtful candor that characterizes its wholesome teachings throughout, it will afford abundant instruction, inspiration, and profit.

M. R. Dury.

DAYTON, OHIO.

LOST AND RESCUED

CHAPTER I

THE GOLDEN RULE

WHATEVER else may be said of Jesus and his record among men, it has been conceded by his most severe critics and his bitterest enemies, that he was a very good man, and that he set a very good example for the rest of mankind to follow. There is something about his life that has given an added charm to all that he has said. There is something about Jesus that where the world has once heard of his words and deeds it ever afterward wants to hear more. His life was love and goodness, and his words are good counsel and precious comfort, and are always found worthy of the high profession made for them. His heart of love was so large that in his good will for the race he embraced all mankind; and his precepts are so true to every

MAN'S CONVICTION OF RIGHT

as to commend them to young and old alike. Nations and individuals have found the princi-

ples he taught a bulwark of strength, and the cross and the crown are alike emblems of honor to his name.

It has been truly said that "there is nothing great in man but mind," and it is equally true that there is nothing truly great in man's life but Christlikeness. The sculptor, when he endeavors to make a finished statue to illustrate goodness and greatness, selects that model which most perfectly represents these attributes. So with the world of mankind: when they try to achieve the highest degree of holiness and goodness, they choose for their example the most perfect man; and when once they have found their perfect ideal, him they will adore and worship.

The sunlight is prized by us above every other light, because it is our everyday light, and is the purest of all light, and is furnished free to all who will use it. It may cost us something in utilizing it for the different and varied uses we may make of it, but we know this, that it is as free as the air to all who will use it. We love the Christ, because his life was spent among us and in all points touched our life. He is the dearer to us because we find a response in his heart beat that answers to our own, and wherever our weary feet may wander out over this world we

may feel that we have the sympathy and love of the Christ.

I believe that

THIS GOLDEN RULE HAS A HISTORY.

I am sure that it did not come the first time to Jesus' mind when he spoke it to his disciples that day from the mount. No; I believe that from childhood it had been woven into the woof and warp of his whole life. I believe that his baby lips were restrained by a divine impulse within from speaking the first unkind word; and, likewise, his youthful hand was stayed from striking the first blow to his companions at play. And I believe that the wise men of Jerusalem marveled more at these superior attributes of his character than at the wise words which he spoke. They were able to quote the Scriptures themselves; they were familiar with the patriarchs and prophets, but they never saw such wisdom and goodness concentrated in humanity before as to furnish a typical illustration of pure precept and example personified such as they beheld in the Youth of twelve who stood before them. And yet his daily life was so humble that he was known as "the carpenter, the son of Mary"; and in measuring his work it was always found to be

twelve inches to the foot by the rule, and when he had finished a piece of work for a neighbor it was always true to the Golden Rule. "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." This saying of Christ's rises high above that of any other man.

The law of the Jews was, "Life shall go for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot"; so that

WHEN JESUS CAME,

and taught and lived out before the world, in everyday life, the principles of the Golden Rule, it was a *new gospel*. It is true that Confucius taught in negative terms the principles of the Golden Rule, saying, "What you do not like when done to yourself, do not do to others." But there is this difference between Christ's Golden Rule and the teachings of Confucius: just the difference there is between a lively interest in another's welfare and happiness, and total indifference; just the difference there is between vigorous, aggressive progress and sluggish indolence; just the difference there is between faith with works and faith without works; just the difference there is between the awakened inventive genius of

American Christian civilization and the slow, plodding processes of Chinese heathenism. Christ's Golden Rule is, Christianity actively in earnest, doing something to make the world happier and better every day, by doing unto others as we would have them do unto us.

The world had been waiting for all the centuries for a man with a warm heart "going about doing good," and in Jesus of Nazareth was found

THAT TYPICAL MAN.

And ever since his time his gospel has been hailed as the "good news." All truly great men have lived and worked with a definite object in view; and, as a secret of their success, some great life motto has been their guide. Jesus used the Golden Rule as his great life motto, and also recommended it as a rule of life to all mankind. This rule of life, preached and practiced by Jesus, won for him a place in the hearts of men. Without distinction in rank or station in life, humanity thronged unto him for help and he received them with loving-kindness. It was not beneath his dignity to preach a sermon to a lone woman at the well; and when two blind beggars cried unto him, saying, "Thou son of David, have mercy on us," he healed them; and

when the learned and wealthy Nicodemus approached him, saying, "Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God," he talked to him about "the kingdom of God" with the same plainness as he would to the most humble servant.

HAVE A GREAT LIFE MOTTO

to guide you in life, for it is the true secret of success. The Earl of Chesterfield had this for his motto: "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well." Sir Joshua Reynolds, when asked how he had achieved such success in his art, replied, "By observing one simple rule, namely, to make each painting the best." A man remarked to Michael Angelo that in his attention to so many little things he was dealing with trifles; to which the sculptor replied, "But recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." Henry Clay is remembered most for saying, as a defeated candidate, "I would rather be right than be President." Stephen A. Douglas, the Little Giant of Illinois, when dying, uttered this sentiment, truly becoming a great statesman: "Tell my boys to respect and obey the Constitution and laws of their country." Abraham Lincoln had for his motto, "With

malice towards none, with charity for all"; and his life was such a true representation of his motto that his good and great name will forever be embalmed in the memory of mankind.

That day, as Jesus taught from the mount, he saw in his infinite vision the necessities of all the ages; he saw that man was given over to hardness of heart; and he saw the necessity of a more

HUMANE FEELING AMONG HUMANITY.

So, out of his own heart and life he gave them this Golden Rule as a life motto: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." It is not enough that we assume a passive attitude toward others and do them no harm, but we should *do some good*, and such good in kind as we would have others do toward us. Said Chesterfield, "Men are judged not by their actions, but by the result of their actions." So the force of the Golden Rule is to inspire us to push out into the world and *do some good*. We will all have to give an account for the proper use we make of the powers we possess. God will hold us responsible for the performance of our duty and the manner in which we use the golden opportunities of each

passing hour. Reflecting upon this thought, Daniel Webster once said, "The most important thought I ever had was that of my personal responsibility to God."

Where, then, can we find

A PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION

of this Golden Rule? If we observe attentively we may see some example almost every day. The other day a little street waif was eating a stale half loaf of bread on a street corner, when a stray, half-starved dog crouched near by, looking wistfully for something to eat, when the boy said:

"Wot you want? This aint no bone. Git!"

The hungry dog moved off a little, and, again crouching, looked back at the hungry boy.

"Say, do you want this wuss than I do?" asked the boy. "Speak, can't yer?"

The dog gave a quick bark, and, though the hungry look still remained in the boy's eye, he threw the dog the rest of the loaf.

"Nuff said," remarked the boy, as he watched the hungry dog eat; "I aint the feller to see a pard in trouble."

Homely as this illustration may seem, it does not take a philosopher to discover the principles

of the Golden Rule enthroned in that little waif's heart.

There is a pie shop in London before which

CHARLES DICKENS IN HIS BOYHOOD

used to stand and look longingly for a piece of pie, which he was unable to buy, for he was poor, and had to earn his living by working in a blacking factory. An American who is an admirer of Dickens, while traveling in England, hunted up this same pie shop, which proved to be only a little box of a place, a small room in the poor part of the city. As he stood at the door looking in, and thinking of Dickens, a little ragged boy touched his elbow and asked in plaintive tones,

"Please, sir, will you buy me a weal pie?"

The traveler turned around and looked at the half-clothed and half-starved boy and several of his companions, all of whom had an expression of hunger in their eyes; and, as he paused a moment, he thought, "There may be another Charles Dickens among these boys." Then with characteristic promptness he replied,

"How many boys do you suppose that shop will hold?"

"I dunno," said the boy, "but I think about fifteen."

“Well,” said the traveler, “you go out and get fifteen boys and bring them back here.”

But a boy always takes it for granted that there is “room for one more”; so he went out and came back at the head of sixteen boys, and, for once, sixteen little ragged, hungry boys had enough pie. In that man’s heart is enthroned the principle of the Golden Rule.

At the close of the first bloody day of the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862,

HUNDREDS OF THE UNION SOLDIERS,

wounded and dying, were left on the field of battle, from Skye’s desperate charge on Kershaw’s entrenched brigade. All that night, and most of the next day, the open space was swept by artillery shot from both of the opposing lines, and no one dared venture to relieve the sufferers. All that time the agonizing cry could be heard, “Water! *water!* WATER!” but no one could bring them help, and the roar of the cannon mocked their distress. At length, one brave fellow from the Southern forces, moved by irrepresible compassion for the sufferers, volunteered to go to their relief. His name was Richard Kirkland, and he belonged to a South Carolina regiment. Appearing before General Kershaw, he said,

“General, I can’t stand this any longer.”

“What’s the matter,” asked the General.

Said Kirkland: “Those poor souls out there have been praying and crying for water all night, and all day, and it is more than I can bear. I ask your permission to go out and give them water.”

Said the General, “Do you know that as soon as you show yourself to the enemy you will be shot?”

“Yes,” he answered, “I know it, but to carry a little comfort to those poor fellows dying I’m willing to run the risk.”

Tendered by emotion, the General said: “Kirkland, it’s sending you to your death; but I can oppose nothing to such a motive as yours. For the sake of it I hope God will protect you; Go.”

He had no more than appeared in the midst of the suffering and dying than his mission of mercy was understood by both opposing armies. For an hour and a half he stayed on that field of danger, giving a cup of cool water to the thirsty sufferers, pillowing their heads on their knapsacks, spreading their blankets over them, and doing kind acts and speaking kind words of sympathy and comfort, in the presence of which the deadly mouths of the artillery, that had

previously breathed out woe and death, were hushed. In that man's heart were enthroned the principles of the Golden Rule.

By emphasizing everything that Jesus ever did from the divine standpoint, we often overlook

HIS GENUINE SYMPATHY FOR HUMANITY.

Jesus was divine, but he was also a man, nobly and truly a man; and being a man, in no sense detracts from his divinity. By studying his life we learn that to live close to the heart of humanity is to live close to the heart of God. What we commonly understand by the human heart, the seat of the affections, is more vividly expressed as the divine principle in man. We cannot convince the world that a heartless man is a godly man or a Christian. If he has no heart, as we commonly understand that term, he lacks the virtue of love; and, as God is love, he necessarily lacks God and Godlikeness. What makes the Golden Rule of so great value to the world is, that it is a Godlike principle carried out in humane practice.

It is said that a short time before

OLIVER CROMWELL'S MOTHER

died she called him to her bedside to bestow

upon him her blessing. He had already become the hero of his time, the idol of the English people, but in his mother's eyes he was still her boy; and with a mother's devotion again she fondly caressed him and said: "May the Lord cause his face to shine upon thee and comfort thee, and enable thee to do great things for his glory and to be a relief unto his people. My dear son, I leave my heart with thee. A good night."

WHEN JESUS WAS ON EARTH

he acted and talked like a God in both greatness and goodness; but his heart of compassion always beat in sympathy with humanity. He was God-like because he was so truly great in his goodness; and he was so in love with humanity and the souls of men that when he went back to heaven he left with humanity his heart, with a prayer for them that they might be saved. And to make the way of salvation plain Jesus bequeathed to mankind the Golden Rule to be a rule for their earthly life, so that whosoever will get the Golden Rule into his *heart* shall get into heaven.

One reason why we do not give more earnest heed to the teachings and practice of the Golden Rule, is because there is in it so much of every-

day duty and commonplace life. But in that very fact is concealed its greatest charm. If Jesus were here on earth now he would oppose the evils of intemperance and the vending of ardent spirits as a beverage as he did the evil spirits of olden times. Christ's Golden Rule furnishes the best basis for gospel and temperance work; therefore, as you endeavor to overcome the evil spirits and the evils of ardent spirits,

Do all you possibly can,
In all the ways you can,
As long as ever you can,
To rescue all the people you can
From sin and the evils of *intemperance*.

This sentiment is worthy of being *often repeated* and *long remembered*. Jesus taught us to do all we can, to save all the people we can, when he taught, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Following his example, we should be intensely interested to save men. Though

HE WAS ABOVE THE ANGELS

in heaven, yet he left his throne, and in humility he "was made flesh, and dwelt among us," and lived, and *lived* the Golden Rule. I have often thought upon that first council in heaven, when

God said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. So God created man in his own image." But man, created in the image of God, fell. As a fallen being he was sure to retrograde, and if not rescued he would have finally fallen to the depths. Such is the condition of the *inebriate* that if not rescued soon he will be lost, *and we that are Christ's disciples are called to work for his rescue.*

I deem it reverent to assume that in the course of time another council in heaven was called in the interest of man's destiny. Plan after plan, through age after age, had failed to secure his reformation. God had spoken from the smoking mountain amid peals of thunder, and angels had appeared unto men, but still man was heedless. Finally, a call was issued for volunteers from among the "*shining ones*,"—a call for some *one* who would volunteer to lay aside his heavenly robe and assume the humble garb of humanity, and as a man go to unfortunate man's rescue. When the roll of heaven was called, not a "*shining one*" in all

THAT CELESTIAL REALM

could be found so humble as to go. The suspense was as awful as the task to be assumed. The weary waiting of the centuries made more tremendous that suspense. At last, all the melody of the universe burst forth into one harmonious wave of music, and these were the words set to that music: "On earth peace, good will toward men." Then, with bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, and a heart with humanity, the Christ came to earth and lived, and *lived* the Golden Rule. And ever since then the highest archangel has been willing to be the most devout ministering spirit, to emulate the Son of God, that the world's redemption might be hastened through the *keeping* and the *living* of the GOLDEN RULE.

CHAPTER II

A VIVID VISION OF DUTY

LIFE was a pleasant dream through childhood's precious years; home had the charm of heaven, and the atmosphere of youth was a holy benediction. The earliest recollections are perfumed with memories of prayer at the family altar, in the morning and at night.

Precious in those days were the frequent visits of my aged grandfather. The light of heaven was in his face and a crown of glory was upon his head as I beheld him through childhood's eyes, and so deeply graven upon my memory are those early impressions that a cast was given to youthful character, abiding and lasting. That familiar face, that burning zeal, and that earnest soul, seeking ever to save other souls, made his name hallowed wherever known. Just before he died he prayed that his mantle might fall upon some *one* of his grandchildren. The gentle voice of conscience caused me to heed what I have ever since believed to have been

THE VOICE OF GOD,

and I entered the ministry. Since that hour,

one supreme duty has ever been in mind, one controlling purpose, one sublime inspiration, and that to rescue those in danger of being lost. Since then, a wide experience in large cities and smaller towns, through a period of fifteen years and more, have given ample opportunity to see both extremes of goodness and badness, in a vast variety of forms. I shall, therefore, write from personal experience many times, though I would gladly suppress the personal element; for people get tired of platitudes, and antiquated theories, and want to hear of real life, and facts which are vitalized by life; hence I propose to write plainly, and without reserve, out of the fullness of the heart.

To my mind, this world has always been a stupendous reality; time has always been a swiftly flowing stream, and the thought of eternity has always been an ever-present inspiration to prepare here to live forever hereafter. Life's golden opportunities have been jewels from heaven, and every soul rescued from being lost has been a star saved from falling. The very hour and moment of my conversion are stamped upon memory as deeply as was Paul's vision of that light above the brightness of the sun which met him on his way to Damascus; and the still small voice of

God, calling me to the ministry, is as real as my consciousness of existence, and that same voice calling me to the

GOSPEL TEMPERANCE WORK

has been equally as real. The vivid realities of the evils arising from intemperance have, during the last ten years, aroused all the powers of my being. Sometimes, after a tremendous reality has passed before my vision, I have started up as from a horrid nightmare, and voices have sounded in my ears, and deeper voices reëchoed in my soul, and an unseen influence has thrust me out to duty as a soldier awakened from sweet dreams is pressed into battle at midnight to defend his loved ones and his home. It has not been of my own choosing, so much as the hand of Providence, that has thrust upon me the task of writing these thoughts which burn as coals in the soul. It is not from books or other men's lips that the inspiration for my work has come. It is not from planning and studying out beautiful expressions and charming sentences; it is not from the outward world so much as from an awakened, conscious call to duty, that has caused me to view with keen observation a great harvest and few reapers, a wicked world and a few right-

eous; and real to my soul's vision has been the pleading *Son of Man*, with sweat-drops of blood falling from his brow, a heart breaking with compassion for humanity, and pleading for laborers in the harvest field of the world. Do not wonder, then, that I am in earnest.

From personal knowledge of

DARKEST CHICAGO AND NEW YORK,

and from seeing real life in the slums of these great cities, by day and by night, I speak and write. Having gone through these scenes of wretched poverty; having seen the ghost of hunger and want, with enough skin and flesh remaining on the living skeletons only to represent the shadow of humanity; and having seen the attendant woes which always are found in company with wretched hunger and want,—having seen these things for myself, I speak and write; and it has been there—always there—that the fumes of intoxicants do arise as the vapors from the mouth of hell. No tongue can tell, nor pen describe, the reality; no brain can frame language to express the reality; no heart can truly sympathize with the other hearts that are breaking, without a correct knowledge and a vivid vision of the reality. If you doubt the truth of these

words, go stand where I have stood, in the midst of wretched woe and want; see the prints of death's clammy fingers upon the throats of innocent, pale-faced children, starving and dying; see father and mother drunk from the last penny spent for liquor, which should have gone for bread; see the manhood and womanhood driven out of these temples of God and the demon of drink enthroned,—and then render your verdict as to whether these words too strongly arraign the liquor business.

These pages are not written to make sadder the unfortunate and innocent who are sufferers from this blighting curse of drink, but to awaken an interest in those who ought to, and can, come to their rescue. My hope is that the dark side of

THIS VIVID PICTURE

may, peradventure, stimulate some kind and tender heart to become a missionary among the stricken ones who are suffering from this plague; and if some one good and kind, out of his abundance, will be prompted to feed the hungry and clothe the destitute, these words will not have been written in vain. Some one must bear the message. Some word must be spoken. Some flash-light of truth must warn of danger and

prompt to duty. Therefore allow me to throw out the danger signal, and point to the welcome light of a better and brighter future. Allow me to cry out the watchman's clarion tones of alarm to the wide, wide world, where hearts that beat true may be moved to action. Allow me to lay the burden of a lost world upon the heart of the church—the church of God, which is the mother of all great and lasting good; and in His name, who has taught us to pray, "Thy kingdom come," let me plead the power of the gospel in this great temperance reform. Allow me to rally the scattered and discouraged fragments of the Lord's army and lead them forward to renewed conflict. And will you not join with me in taking this great cause of common humanity to God for his help in this time of great need? Then, when you in your loneliness, and I in mine, are surrounded by walls of darkness,—then, when we have nowhere else to go, let us ask in faith, believing that the Hand that moves the world may fill earth and heaven with armies and chariots of God ready for the rescue; then, when our hardened hearts are waiting for the coming kingdom, may we be saved from despair. Unfortunate one, I would make your cause my own; I would be your friend and comforter; I would tell you of the coming dawn

of a brighter day; I would bid you to look up, for God's cause is marching on.

I have had a vision—not a supernatural vision, but

AN OPEN DAY VISION.

The streets of a great city crowded with human beings; men and women rushing by in haste to their places of business; street-cars crowded with struggling masses of humanity; palatial homes and gardens of flowers; banks of great wealth, with their vaults bursting with gold; lofty office buildings, scraping the clouds; steepled churches of imposing grandeur and artistic beauty; steam and electric railroads, with palace-cars speeding through the land; electric lights in all of our great cities shining like stars in their brilliancy, driving back the darkness of the night; stacks of the world's best merchandise displayed in magnificent storerooms; cut and colored glass decorations reflecting the sunlight by day and the electric light by night—mirrors of a thousand stars and a thousand rainbows; luxuries at the market-place from every quarter of the globe; an enlightened civilization; an age of science and invention; an era of matchless progress—all this is enough to thrill the soul, to stimulate to high and noble endeavor, to prompt to the highest

thoughts and emotions of happiness,—a transcendent, heavenly dream!

But all is not told. In those same cities are byways to sin that rival all that leads to good. Sad, but true; too true. There is

“AN EVIL . . . UNDER THE SUN . . . COMMON
AMONG MEN.”

In that surging crowd are men, even young men, whose breath is tainted with odors from the poisoned cup. Underneath those sky-scraping office buildings is a lava stream of the beverage of hell. The churches and the electric lights cannot drive back the deeper moral darkness of the saloons. The seal-skin coat from the magnificent store window cannot keep off the chills of a foreboding woe. The luxuries from the market, spread upon the mahogany dinner tables, cannot pacify the troubled soul that scents the tainted breath. The flower gardens without, and the luxuries within, that palatial home cannot drive away the ghost—the ardent and evil spirits that lurk in the closet, because of the beverage served from the sideboard of that home; because there are other palaces not far away which do not have for their aim the highest good and the holiest of joys, but the influence of which is to

damn human souls. On the center-tables of these gilded palaces is not found the Holy Bible, God's guide-book to heaven, but rather a deck of cards, the devil's guide-book to hell. From the bar is handed out to each guest that enters a glass of sparkling liquid charged with poison from a demon's vial of woe. When the brain thus poisoned is robbed of its reason, and the nobler faculties of the soul are debased to the level of the brute, then scarlet-robed figures glide before him, to charm him to their chambers, where are pitfalls to the soul. The heated and poisoned brain, once cool and calm, becomes bewitched by an angel of darkness clothed in white, and the head and heart, once clear and clean, fall a victim to passion.

To accomplish this ruin all the inventions of science and art are employed to deceive the simple-minded and cause them to believe that hell is heaven. To accomplish this ruin the palatial walls are decorated with star-set gems of the most dazzling brilliancy, reflecting all the blended colors and hues of myriads of rainbows; skillful musicians draw the richest melodies from the sweetest toned instruments; the brain, heated hotter by added drinks, has lost all control of the delicate sense of manhood; the giddy laugh of

pleasure rings through the halls, and, with reason dethroned by the devil's poisoned beverage, he finds himself in a trance, dreaming, dreaming, dreaming that this is pleasure like unto heavenly bliss. He knows not that his host has only bidden him tarry because of his well-filled purse; he knows not that the smiles to him so pleasing are but mocking his calamity; he knows not that as soon as he is fleeced of his money a trap-door beneath his feet will be opened, and his slippery steps will drop him into a hell of sorrow and woe.

Young man, your ruin is plotted in many such gilded palaces. The first step to ruin is taken, from the first drink, downward. Once started downward, the fall to hell is as swift as light. Who knows, in the hidden future, but that this young man may be your boy or mine. This tremendous thought wakes me from my dreaming; and do you wonder that I am in earnest? Speak, O stones by the wayside, and warn of danger! Whisper, O winds that fan the face of each passer by! Flash out, O sun, by day, and moon, by night, and drive back this deep, black darkness, that our boys may be rescued from this *seventh plague.*

CHAPTER III

THE MODERN SEVENTH PLAGUE

“A NATION of happy homes is the brightest dream of statesmanship.” The Hon. George R. Wendling, in these words, has uttered a sentiment which will go down through all time as the best motive that a statesman can cherish in his heart to commend him to the confidence of the people, whose interests he serves. “A nation of happy homes”! What a transcendent dream! But how much more to us is the realization of that dream! That thought, as does nothing else, fires the soul and stimulates to high and noble endeavor. It has wrought in the heart motives that have made our greatest heroes, statesmen, orators, and philanthropists; it has given to the oppressed nerve and courage to battle for liberty and freedom, and, where necessary, to shed the very life-blood for our nation’s redemption; and still it so abides in the heart of the American people as a motive power to prompt them to deeds of duty and daring that it is surprisingly irresistible.

We Americans love our homes; we work for them, we fight for them, and, if need be, we will

die for them. Anything that lays an oppressive hand upon the American home must go down. Anything, I repeat, which lays an oppressive hand upon the home must go down. We are forbearing, long-suffering, and tolerant; but forbearance under tyranny ceases to be a virtue, and when the heated blood once begins to boil in the American's heart with righteous indignation, then it is that forbearance must cease and justice must be reënthroned. And because the liquor traffic is the enemy of the home, finally, *finally*, it must go down and then give place to temperance and righteousness. But it will not be without a conflict; it will not be without heroic struggles; it will not be without tests of courage and manhood; it will not be without tears, and heartaches, and sacrifice, and battle to the finish, for the devil is in charge of the forces of intemperance, but God is on our side.

WHAT IS THIS SEVENTH PLAGUE?

Allow me to express the thoughts that have fired my brain and are now burning down into my inmost soul. Perhaps some other mind would classify differently the evils through which our nation has passed. Be that as it may, only give attention to my message and then draw

your own conclusions. On the 21st of December, 1620, sixteen men, led by Miles Standish, planted their feet on Plymouth Rock, and there the real history of our country began, and its phenomenal progress since then is the solitary wonder of the world. What I say of Plymouth Colony applies, in a general way, to the other New England settlements, and furnishes a key to our subject.

THE PLAGUE OF DISEASE

was the first scourge to blight this new settlement. When the long winter of 1620 had come to an end, fifty-one of the one hundred and two pilgrims had died. But Brewster, in the midst of this calamity, said, "It is not with us as with men whom small things can discourage, or small discontentments cause to wish themselves at home again." At one time the living were scarcely able to bury the dead. Only Brewster, Standish, and five other hardy ones were well enough to get about. But "they repined not in all their sufferings, and their cheerful confidence in the mercies of Providence," says Wilson, "remained unshaken." And speaking of the colony where Boston is now located, and where two hundred had died in a year, history tells us that those remaining "were sustained in their affliction by

religious faith and Christian fortitude. Not a trace of repining appears in their records, and sickness never prevented their assembling at stated times for religious worship." Out of the one hundred and two of the original Plymouth Colony, history records that at the end of the first year "five husbands had been left widowers and one wife a widow; nine husbands had been buried with their wives; only three couples remained unbroken, and there were but two couples who had not lost some member of their family; five children lost both parents, three others had been made fatherless, and three motherless." Such was the ravage of the plague of disease. But did they give up in despair? No! no! Those brave souls remaining lived on and worked on with a faith irresistible and hope unfaltering, having this for their motto: "*In God We Trust.*"

Added to the plague of disease, those early settlers were hunted down, waylaid, and massacred by the brutal savages. They knew not at what moment

THE TREACHEROUS, DECEITFUL SAVAGES

would pounce upon them like a hawk upon its prey. Every rustling leaf caused fears and forebodings of danger. Their waking hours by day

were haunted by the dread of attack from a murderous foe, while their slumbers by night were disturbed by dreams of savages who thirsted for their blood. But did they give up in despair? No! no! They worked on and fought on, with their motto the same—“*In God We Trust.*”

Quietly as comes the morning dawn, a sin crept stealthily into the young nation's heart. It was

THE PLAGUE OF SLAVERY,

because it was easier to have slaves to do their work for them than to do it themselves. The slave trade became an infatuation. The magnitude of human slavery was not comprehended at the time. But it was a sin against humanity which God could not bear to look upon; so, finally, it had to be washed away with the blood of the nation's bravest and noblest sons. But did the faithful few who pleaded for the principles of liberty and righteousness give up in despair? No! no! They worked on and fought on, with their motto the same—“*In God We Trust.*”

The plague of slavery was the cause of

THE PLAGUE OF WAR.

The war of the Revolution, with its heroes and its victories, is a matter of pride to Americans,

and we still speak of those heroes and victories with pride. And though there were heroes as brave and victories as great in the late Civil War, yet, when we now think of it, in our more sober thoughts, how that war was a great family quarrel, we feel the crimson blush of shame. On those battle-fields the son was sometimes arrayed against the father, and brothers spilt their brother's blood. Oh, the depths of woe that civil war caused! Oh, the struggle we have gone through for a third of a century to heal the awful wounds that cruel war made! Oh, the sufferings of the widows and orphans who were left to the cruel mercies of fate. But when the battle was the fiercest, did our brave boys in blue give up in despair? No! no! they worked on and fought on, with their motto the same—"In God We Trust."

Since the Civil War, another plague, in

THE RISE AND GROWTH OF MORMONISM,

threatened to strike a fatal blow to the sacred relations of home. It became a festering sore on the body politic, and from Salt Lake City it spread with its thousand rootlets, like a huge cancer, to eat away the virtue of the nation. There was no other remedy but radical national legislation, and the decisive effect of that legislation is well known

to you all. But when the evil of polygamy was the boldest, did we give up in despair? No! no! We worked on and fought on, with our motto the same—“*In God We Trust.*”

The twin plague of Mormonism was

THE LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY.

The postal system of the United States was its stronghold, and likewise radical national legislation was the only remedy; and the decisive effect of that legislation is also well known to you all. This evil grew to be such a monster that it not only held the State of Louisiana within its iron grasp, but stealthily crept into the national capitol at Washington, and, panther-like, it sought to seize the nation by the throat. And because this vicious monster, with glaring eyes and heated breath, crouched in our way, did we give up in despair? No! no! We worked on and fought on, with our motto the same—“*In God We Trust.*”

THE SEVENTH PLAGUE OF OUR LAND

is the evil of *intemperance*, and of all the plagues with which this nation has been visited this seventh plague threatens the greatest harm. This seventh plague haunts us daily, haunts us as the serpent haunted Adam in Eden, haunts us as that

other seventh plague haunted the families of ancient Egypt. This seventh plague of our land is fattening on the blood of the nation's noblest sons and daughters, and helpless wives and children are its prey. It is almost omnipresent and well-nigh omnipotent. It is the personification of Satan himself, and is as "cruel and remorseless as hell." So great are the ravages of this seventh plague that if it were not for the assurance that God in heaven is in this battle to champion the right against the wrong our hearts would faint within us. But we believe in God and destiny; and though we be confronted with ten thousand demons and legions of fallen men and angels we will not despair; we will work on and, if need be, fight on, with our motto the same—"In God We Trust."

I believe that there is a providence in placing over the American eagle on our silver dollar this motto:

"IN GOD WE TRUST,"

so that every man, woman, and child in our land who earns a silver dollar may see this motto often enough to treasure it in the heart as an anchor to the soul in the hour of peril. This is "God's country." Satan is striving to possess it, but he never will. We get tremendously scared once in

a while, but it only drives us closer to the side of *the God we trust*. I am certain that the God of destiny is with us in this conflict of the right against the wrong, and I am equally certain that those who work and fight for God and right shall win stars in their crowns. I believe that this monster evil, *intemperance*, fittingly represents the great dragon, "that old serpent called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world." But, like John, in Revelation, we hear "a loud voice saying in heaven, Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ; for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God day and night." And of every one who is faithful unto the end it shall be said, "And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death." We who are in the heat of battle with the tremendous evils of *intemperance* now see this Scripture passage to be a vivid description of our time: "Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea! for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time." But the time will come when God's mighty angel, who is fighting with us in this

conflict, shall "come down from heaven," and he shall "lay hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil, and Satan," and he shall "bind him a thousand years." Then unto the end be hopeful and faithful all, for in that day of triumph "he that overcometh shall inherit all things," saith the promise; "and I will be his God, and he shall be my son."

CHAPTER IV

AN AWAKENED CHURCH

AN awakened church and a converted world are the crosscut to the millennium. An awakened church committed to work is the only agency that can overcome the powers of darkness. An awakened church is the one hope of the establishment of God's kingdom upon earth. Accordingly, I come to bring a message to the church, a message to arouse to duty and to work, a message to inspire hope and renew courage, a message to summon every soldier of Jesus Christ to battle against the greatest foe of mankind. What are you going to do about this seventh plague? I see you start up with feelings of mingled fear and surprise.

"What!" you ask, "is there a plague in our midst?"

"Yes," I answer.

"What is it, and where is it?"

With breathless anxiety you wait for the further explanation. The only reason why the churches and mankind generally do not manifest a like intense interest concerning the evils of *intemper-*

ance is because they are asleep. They are sleeping while the flood-gates of ruin are bending low with the resistless tide of woe! They are sleeping while their own brothers who were weaker than themselves are falling into the depths, the depths of endless ruin! They are sleeping while the flames of hell are creeping to their very feet! It is because they are asleep that they do not meet this foe of mankind. To arouse an awakened interest

SOMETHING MUST BE DONE.

Who will sound the alarm? Who will go to the forefront of battle and lead the way? Who will sacrifice, and bear the sneers and reproach of the world, to bear the banner of *temperance* side by side with the banner of the *gospel*? This thought has come to me by day and by night. I have felt moved by a power irresistible. I have looked through the gloom of disappointment to behold the armies of God, "the chariots and horsemen thereof," and all the hosts of heaven marshaled on our side to insure certain and final victory; I have had faith that in the name and through the power of God we shall finally triumph. Who will be on the Lord's side? Who will come to the help of the Lord against the mighty? "Who

then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?"

Personally, I have resolved never myself to touch, taste, nor handle this beverage of hell; and I have resolved to do "all I can, in all the ways I can, and as long as ever I can," to fire the souls of others with enthusiasm, to arouse to action, and to stimulate to earnest endeavor. The awful ravages of this seventh plague are upon us and give just cause for alarm. There is danger ahead; there is sorrow, and woe, and death to fear if we do not stay this tide of evil flowing from the deadly cup. I would not speak such startling warnings but for the conviction that the hand of God would rest hard upon me if I held my peace. If ever the stones should cry out to break the silence, it is in the face of this evil, which the great Gladstone said has produced more woe to humanity than war, pestilence, and famine combined. I believe that the plague of evils following the use of intoxicating beverages is the greatest curse of our land, the greatest curse of the age, and that to intemperance, the use of intoxicating beverages, can be traced the vast majority of the evils of intemperance in other things. Therefore, I ask you to bear with me patiently while I give you a few facts in

history—not dry facts, but if they ever were dry they have caught fire; and I sincerely hope that the fire may spread until it reaches every distillery, and brewery, and government storehouse, and saloon in the land, and ignites the alcoholic fumes arising from those spirits (evil spirits), and explodes every whisky barrel, beer keg, and wine bottle in the land.

Says Dr. Lees :

“TEETOTALISM

everywhere pervaded the primeval empires of the world. It was preached and practiced by the greatest moral reformers and spiritual teachers of antiquity, and was a part, indeed, of the religious culture of the Egyptians centuries before the Jewish nation existed.” That is ancient history; but I must confine myself to the *temperance reform in America*. The first temperance society in America of which we have record was composed of farmers. The *Federal Herald* of July 13, 1789, of Lansingburg, New York, contained this item: “Upward of two hundred of the most respectable farmers of the county of Litchfield, Connecticut, have formed an association to discourage the use of spirituous liquors, and have determined not to use any kind of distilled liquors

in doing their farming work the ensuing season."

A year later this sentiment took definite form in the first memorial to Congress, which was sent by the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, December 29, 1790, and similar petitions have been presented many times since. Among other things, this petition said: "Your memorialists have no doubt that the rumor of a plague, or any other pestilential disaster, which might sweep away thousands of their fellow-citizens, would produce the most vigorous and effective measures in our government to prevent or subdue it. Your memorialists can see no just cause why the more certain and extensive ravages of distilled spirits upon life should not be guarded against with corresponding vigilance and exertion by the present ruler of the United States. Your memorialists beg leave to add further, that the habitual use of distilled liquors in every case whatever is wholly unnecessary. They center their hopes, therefore, of

AN EFFECTUAL REMEDY

in the wisdom and power of the Legislature of the United States." These physicians were not asleep, but wide-awake, and they most thoroughly

believed in the old adage that "*it is better to prevent than to cure.*"

The first vigorous protest on record against legalizing this seventh plague was in the form of an address issued in 1819, and presented before the New York Society for the Promotion of Internal Improvements, from which we quote this stirring passage: "Can any one believe a tax imposed on a house of lewdness would operate to discourage them and lessen their number? The language of such a measure would be this: 'The evil is admitted to exist, but the tax (or license) is the price of forgiveness and absolution. The influence they gain by becoming useful in point of pecuniary profit to the authority by which they are created, serves to increase their number. The introduction of intoxicating liquors into our country, so far from being deemed a misfortune, has been exultingly quoted as evidence of the great commercial prosperity of the nation. So inconsistent are men otherwise distinguished for their wisdom, that as philanthropists they will deplore the increase of drinking as a public calamity, and in the next breath rejoice as patriots at the increase of the means of intemperance as an evidence of increasing national felicity! While the cause exists, and

grogshops continue to be licensed, the futility of the hope to regulate them is proved by the failure of every attempt heretofore made." These noble men were not asleep, but wide-awake, and they also believed in the old adage that "*it is better to prevent than to cure.*"

THE FIRST AWAKENED INTEREST

of the Protestant clergy concerning the ravages of this plague (and, thank God, the Catholic clergy are now also waking up) dates back to 1811, when Dr. Rush appeared before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church and earnestly pointed out the dangers threatened by the evils of intemperance. That assembly took action, urging all the ministers of the Presbyterian Church in the United States "to deliver public addresses on the sin and mischief of intemperate drinking." The same year the General Association of Connecticut appointed a committee, which, the following year, reported that "they had taken the subject of intemperance into consideration; that they had ascertained the evil was tremendous and steadily increasing, but they could not see that anything could be done." That is just the way many are talking to-day, many who are sleepy, lazy, and indifferent. But there was present one man—a

man cast in a heroic mold, who was not asleep; that man was Lyman Beecher. Instantly he arose and moved that this committee be discharged and a new committee appointed. Of the new committee Lyman Beecher was appointed chairman. This new committee immediately reported, and recommended "entire abstinence on the part of individuals and families from all spirituous liquors."

Many at that time considered this idea impracticable and even ludicrous; others considered it the door of hope; finally this hope ripened into action, and led to the organization in the year 1813 of the Massachusetts Society for the Suppression of Intemperance. In 1823, or ten years later, this society issued a public appeal. It was written by Henry Ware, of Boston, and contained this impassioned passage: "The moral pestilence which scatters suffering worse than death spreads itself everywhere around us; but we are unaffected by its terrific magnitude and fearful devastation. It would be comparatively a little thing if the plague should sweep these thousands from our cities; it would be a comfort that they perished by the hand of God. But this sadder infatuation of the multitude at home

WHO ARE SACRIFICING THEMSELVES

beneath the operation of a slow and brutal poison hardly moves us to a momentary consideration. We might succeed in preaching up a crusade to India, while we can hardly gain a hearing for those who are perishing by our side. . . . It seems that there is no man, nor body of men, who can strike at the root of the evil but the legislature of the nation. Exhortation, tracts, preaching, and personal influence will effect but a partial and imperceptible remedy."

THESE LAYMEN WERE NOT ASLEEP.

They were awake to their responsibility to duty as much as the clergy, and they, likewise, believed in the old adage that "*it is better to prevent than to cure.*" Now this time-honored adage or maxim, in logical parlance, is as plain as any other "self-evident truth." But there are some people who are so blind to the logic of facts that they will stick to it that it is better to *cure* than to *prevent*.

Some years ago I made a trip into Kansas, and there learned several things both old and new. A certain old pioneer settler one day chanced to meet a young student who had just returned from college. The student at his first opportunity took occasion to tell some very large stories

of petrified remains of animals he had seen in the college museum. The old pioneer listened very attentively; but being unacquainted with the facts concerning such strange freaks of nature he supposed that the college student was simply playing on his credulity, and he concluded he would tell a story of a petrified animal, too. So he thus began:

“One day I saw a petrified buffalo, and he looked just as natural as life, and he was petrified on the run, too, and he kicked sod in the air, and the sod was petrified, too.”

At this the student interrupted the old pioneer, saying, “Why, that can’t be; for the sod would fall to the ground by the force of gravity.”

But to get even with the college student the old pioneer deliberately said: “Well—I’ll—be—hanged—if—the—gravity—wasn’t—petrified—too.”

Now concerning the use of intoxicating liquors, there are some people who will stick to it that it is better to “*cure*” than to “*prevent*.”

IF LYMAN BEECHER,

the John the Baptist of the temperance cause in America, could speak from the border of eternity, he would repeat the same sermons which he

preached so earnestly while on the shores of time, and which Dr. Dunn has called "the most wonderful condensation of burning truths that human lips have uttered." Let him now speak; and let us now listen to his words, which express the immortal thoughts that once so fired his soul:

"Can we lawfully amass property by a course of trade which fills the land with beggars, and widows, and orphans, and crimes; which peoples the graveyard with premature mortality, and the world of woe with the victims of despair? Could all the forms of evil produced in the land by *intemperance* come upon us in one horrid array, it would appall the nation, and put an end to the traffic in ardent spirits. If, in every dwelling built, the cries which the bloody traffic extorts, from the beam out of the timber, should be echoed back, who would build such a house? What if in every part of the dwelling, from the cellar upward, through all the halls and chambers, babblings, and contentions, and voices, and groans, and shrieks, and wailings were heard day and night? What if the cold blood oozed out and stood in drops upon the walls, and, by preternatural art, all the ghastly skulls and bones of the victims destroyed by *intemperance* were dimly seen, haunting the distilleries and stores where

they received their bane, following the track of the ship engaged in commerce, walking the waves, flitting athwart the deck, sitting upon the rigging, and sending up from the hold within, and from the waves without, groans, and loud laments, and wailings! Who would attend such stores? Who would labor in such distilleries? Who would navigate such ships? Oh, were the sky over our heads one great whispering gallery, bringing down about us all the lamentations and woe which *intemperance* created, and the firm earth one sonorous medium of sound, bringing up around us from beneath the wailings of the damned, whom the commerce in ardent spirits had sent thither, these tremendous realities assailing our sense would invigorate our conscience and give decision to our purpose of reformation."

These are the burning words of a wide-awake messenger of God, who possessed

AN AWAKENED CONSCIENCE,

and who spoke like a prophet in the presence of his God; and many indifferent ones, who before were sleeping and dreaming, have been aroused from their lethargy and stimulated to active and aggressive effort. Now, if these were my words you would call me a modern fanatic.

But I have quoted here the utterances of men who lived and spoke and wrote from seventy-five to one hundred years ago; and, in fact, the most convincing arguments and the most effectual truths we use to-day are borrowed from our forefathers, and we march to the music and watch-words they have given us, with our motto the same—

“IN GOD WE TRUST.”

Oh, for one more such a bugle-blast as was uttered by the prophets of olden time! Oh, for the voice of another modern John the Baptist, who shall go forth and cry aloud in the wilderness of woe now about us, because of the ravages of this seventh plague! Oh, for the voice of God, to awaken the sleeping church and the slumbering world to duty in this hour of threatening danger! But if not in the earthquake, or in the storm, O Lord, come now in the still small voice; come quickly and awaken the sleeper, lest we suddenly perish.

God's question to Cain, “Where is thy brother?” cannot be turned aside with a trivial answer. We cannot shift the responsibility from our own consciences to others by saying, “Am I my brother's keeper?” The responsibility of duty in life is a

very serious thing. It is a very serious matter to live in this present age, so fraught with opportunities for doing good; it is a very serious matter to have an influence for good and not use it to do good; it is a very serious matter to neglect our plain duty. Our lives are linked with the destiny of the other lives around us. O dwellers at ease in Zion, sleep and dream no longer, but awake! O pilgrims journeying from the city of Destruction unto the Celestial City, remember Evangelist's warning! O disciples of Jesus, who have the power to help and do not, forget not the vivid reality of Lazarus and Dives! No man can afford to walk this earth with reckless steps, or speak with careless tongue, or act with thoughtless aim; nor can he afford to answer lightly to the call of God to duty,

“AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?”

Oh, the voice of God, “What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground”! Oh, the voice of God, that says, “And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand”! These words are for the thoughtless, for the negligent, for the listless soul that trifles with destiny.

THE JUDGMENT IS COMING,

and we cannot afford to be sleeping when our Lord comes; and if others fall through our neglect of duty, we shall not be found guiltless.

On the 29th of March, 1894, Jim Godsey, a young man of but twenty-six years, was placed on trial at Terre Haute, Indiana, for forging his father's name to an order on a hat store. He had no legal counsel and declined to have any appointed by the court. When his father had testified that he had not signed the order, the son cross-examined him. The prosecuting attorney submitted the case without argument, saying that guilt was too clearly established to need any. The prisoner then addressed the jury, and soon the tears were trickling down the cheeks of several jurors, and all in the court room were deeply moved. He told how he had spent his life, from infancy until two years before, in his father's saloon and gambling house—the wickedest place of its kind in Terre Haute. "Two years ago," said he, "this father of mine, with one foot in the grave, pretended to repent and joined the church. How could I be other than I am, raised among thieves, gamblers, and blacklegs? Before I was able to see over a pool table he [pointing at his father] put a box at the side of a table and taught me

how to play. The first man who taught me to cheat at cards was my father. Some of you may have sons, but you would not send your son to the penitentiary for \$6.20. I stand here without a friend on earth. You may send me to the penitentiary, but I am not wholly responsible for what I am." Overcome with emotion, he broke down and sobbed as if his heart would break. The jury went out at 11 o'clock in the morning, and at 9 o'clock at night returned a verdict of five years in the penitentiary. Which of the two, the father or the son, will meet with the most mercy at the judgment?

CHAPTER V

DO-LOGY

RESOLUTIONS, however good, never saved any one. Resolutions are effectual only when they are carried into action. Resolutions which are based upon the principles of righteousness are the bed-rocks in the foundation of character. There has been enough preaching of the gospel to save the world, and the only reason why the world has not been saved before now is because there has not been enough *doing* of the gospel. This practical lesson on *doing* the gospel,—of carrying into practice what we know, of joining works to our faith,—has done more to make the world better than all the philosophies and theories that have ever been given to man. Would you be prosperous in business, work your business; would you be happy in your attainments in life, strive for the excellencies unto which you aspire; would you achieve the highest success, then *do* that which will bring success. This may appear to be an axiom so plain that it needs no added word to make it clear to the mind. But the one

great lesson we need ever to have kept before us is, that "nothing succeeds like success."

At the call of Mr. Moody in the month of April, 1889, a great convention of Christian workers from all parts of the land assembled in Chicago, preparatory to the starting of the now-famous Moody Institute. One who was in a position to know said that the establishment of

THIS BIBLE TRAINING-SCHOOL

was the consummation of the dream of Mr. Moody's life. The convention was held in the Chicago Avenue Church (Moody's church). During the daytime there were lectures by eminent men, from every section of the United States, on the study of the Bible and the best methods of doing Christian work. The convention was of great power, and lasted forty days, during which time Mr. Moody was the controlling spirit. It was my privilege to be present at that forty days' Pentecost. It was, indeed, an exalted privilege to enjoy such blessings, which fell as a benediction upon our heads and hearts during those days and nights of instruction in the Holy Bible, and of hallowed communion with one another and with God. Among the lecturers were such men as Dr. W. W. Clark and Dr. R. R. Meredith, of

Brooklyn, New York; Dr. W. G. Moorehead, of Xenia, Ohio; Joseph Cook, of Boston, Massachusetts; Rev. Sam P. Jones, of Georgia; Dr. Brooks, of St. Louis, Missouri; Dr. Munhall, Dr. Driver, H. L. Hastings, and many of the well-known pastors of Chicago, besides two hundred other prominent workers, who came from twenty-two different States, Territories, and Provinces. It was, indeed, a Pentecost in its spiritual power and far-reaching results. The daily study of the Bible, in hallowed association with this company of the Lord's disciples, was a privilege long to be remembered. There seemed to be present a divine breath, a holy spiritual atmosphere, a sacred influence, sensibly felt by all, which made the occasion ever memorable because of the near approach to God. Then, to make the convention productive of the greatest practical good, the evenings were utilized in evangelistic services that spread from

MOODY AND SANKEY'S SERVICES,

which began in Moody's church and extended in every direction, until evangelistic services were held in thirty other churches and missions throughout the city. During that Pentecost of forty days with God and our Bibles some things occurred of which I cannot refrain from speaking,

for it was then that there came to me the supreme lesson of my life. There was one man as our leader whose every word and action was a thrilling inspiration. All eyes were upon him. A mighty power was he in each service. His goodness and greatness, blended with simplicity, won all hearts. One remark was upon all lips: "What makes the humble man who directs these services, and carries out so effectually these plans, so successful in that he is able to give every one something to *do*? From whence comes his magnetic power that is more than magnetism? What sublime controlling factor is back of his life?" I resolved to study the man, if, peradventure, I might discover the secret of his power. Providentially, the way opened, and I embraced the opportunity to get an inner glimpse of

THE REAL MOODY.

It occurred in a commonplace incident. At the close of the morning services one day he was besieged by a dozen or more pastors, who earnestly pleaded with tenacious importunity that he should come to their churches for a service. Each in turn entreated him to come to his church. One was going to start a big revival, another was going to dedicate a big new church, another was

going to close a big revival, and each one of the pastors had some *big* inducement to secure his services. After listening respectfully to each in turn he said, "No; I cannot go." The pastor of a small mission church was standing at a distance listening to the repeated importunity, and heard Mr. Moody repeatedly decline to go. But when they were all through he ventured to represent the needs of his mission church. In a frank, straightforward way he told Mr. Moody that he had nothing *big* whatever to offer, but had a good revival in progress in his needy little mission church, and for the sake of the good that could be done he asked Mr. Moody for an evening's service. Mr. Moody turned to him and in a quick, business-like way said, "I will be there Monday evening." And when Monday evening came he was there, and an immense audience was also there. And there that night such a baptism of power descended upon the people that it was like unto Pentecost, an occasion never to be forgotten by those who were present. It was at this time that one of the workers borrowed

MR. MOODY'S OWN BIBLE.

This Bible Mr. Moody has carried close to his heart on his evangelistic tours in many lands.

On the fly-leaf of this Bible is inscribed, in his own handwriting, these lines:

“Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can,
As long as ever you can.

“I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can do to any fellow human being, let me do it now; let me not delay nor neglect it, for I will never pass this way again.”

The secret of Mr. Moody's power was no longer to me a marvel; all was plain. Consecrated service to God and his fellow-men has made his every thought, and word, and deed powerful for good. I forthwith copied those lines on the fly-leaf of my own Bible; then I prayed to Moody's God for that secret power with which to do good; my eyes were opened to behold the world in a new light; the divine injunction, “Woe to them that are at ease in Zion,” flashed in upon my mind in all its thrilling power. I walked the streets of darkest Chicago, and looked about me for object lessons and opportunities to do good; on every side, an “evil . . . under the sun,” which is “common among men,” stared as a monster at me, while its accursed breath of death fanned me in the face,

and stifled my nostrils, and sickened my heart. Every scene of poverty, every plea of distress, and every cry of the hungry, was a voice calling to duty. No call in time of war was ever more urgent, no soldier ever felt the heated blood course more rapidly through his veins, firing his heart to battle, than did my heart then feel. No alternative was then mine to choose; to the battle against the monster I must go; to the rescue of the thousands about to be slain I must hasten; to remove this plague of death from our fair land I must consecrate my life, though it be to do, and dare, and die.

Mr. Moody has never been a stickler for theology; but he has always been an enthusiast about *doing* the theology believed. Jesus said, "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work." These words of our Divine Master should go to

EVERY CHRISTIAN'S CONSCIENCE.

This thought should be burned into every soul. The heart should be quickened into new life, the brain should think faster, and the hands should work harder. Jesus was never idle, but was always busy. His brain was always thinking, or his hands *doing* the prompting of a consecrated

heart. The problem of the world's salvation weighed heavily upon his heart. There was no time for delay; there was no time for trifling; something must be done and that quickly.

A plague is in our land; human beings are suffering; men are dying; souls are being lost, and what are we *doing* to stem this awful tide of woe? Oh, that the fire that burned within the soul of the Son of God might kindle ours! Oh, that each heart would so feel this burden for lost souls as to stir it to duty! Oh, that every gospel and temperance worker would enter this battle thoroughly committed against the evils of intemperance! Christ died to save this world. Shall we stand idly by and see souls lost? Tremendous question! Do you believe in God and love your fellow-men? Do you love the right and hate the wrong? Do you stand committed against this *seventh plague of our land*? With oneness of purpose and aim, with fraternal spirit and good will, with the common interests of humanity at heart, think not to wash your hands in innocency until you have paid your debt of duty to your own conscience, to your fellow-men, and to your God. It is too late now to compromise with this evil of evils. It is too deeply dyed in sin to merit a place in your heart. It is

for you and me to decide as to what we will *do* with it. Some one will say, "Oh, liquor is all right in its place." So is the devil all right in his place, but that place is hell; and they both belong in the same place. We cannot do half-hearted work and be at peace with our own conscience; neither can we be passive and please God. Here is

A GOLDEN RULE

for gospel and temperance workers, a principle of right that appeals to all, a platform upon which all right-minded men can and ought to stand:

Do all you possibly can,
In all the ways you can,
As long as ever you can,
To rescue all the people you can
From sin and the evils of *intemperance*.

Are you working for Christ and the church?
Are you working for humanity and the home?
Are you working to make the world better and to save those in danger of being lost? The world is rushing madly to ruin with the increase of intemperance and its attendant evils. What are you going to do about it? The church is suffering because there are not more DOERS of the *word*; likewise, the world is suffering because

there are not more DOERS to stem the evil tide of INTEMPERANCE. This *plague* is in our midst. Do something; do it quickly; do it now. The perils of *intemperance* that beset us are awful. Why do you, as a *good citizen*, allow a recruiting office of hell to be set up before your very door, and why do you stand and watch your own boys go in there, and why do you see them take their first step to ruin, without a word of protest? In the name of God and in the interests of humanity, do something. Each year, in our own land, over one hundred thousand precious lives end at a drunkard's grave. O free-men of America, sons of liberty, heroes under the stars and stripes, awake from your stupid dreams and look upon that funeral procession now passing by! Tramp, tramp, tramp, they go, and every five minutes one falls into a drunkard's grave. Look! One has just fallen. See! Another is trembling on the verge. There, he is gone; fallen, ruined, lost. And the saddest thought about it is, that the larger portion of these hundred thousand lost began drinking in their youth—in youth, that giddy period in life when most men choose between heaven and hell.

The saloons are daily enlisting from the ranks of the youth of our land

AN ARMY OF DRUNKARDS,

and so long as the recruiting offices for hell are kept open, the army of drunkards is going to increase; and there will be saloons open by permission so long as you never DO *anything* but *talk* about the sad consequences of drink. If talking were all that is necessary, this evil would have been talked out of existence long ago. If resolutions would have suppressed this evil, we would have had it "reso-looted" out of existence long ago. But this evil is like the famous cat, that has seven lives,—it needs to be killed about seven times to be sure it is dead.

I fear the tide of this evil is going to rise higher before it sinks lower. The muttering thunders in the distance threaten a deluge. The flood tide, like unto the days of Noah, sweeps on with fearful fury. What shall we do? How shall we escape? How shall we be rescued? It is by waking up and DOING some thing. Noah was saved from the flood by practicing his DO-LOGY, and not by resting on his THEOLOGY. Of course his theology was all right, but he would have perished with the others of his time had not his theology been backed up by his do-ology.

CHAPTER VI

THE INACTIVE NINE-TENTHS

IT has been said, with a play of humor, that "one-tenth of the church members do nine-tenths of the work." The statement may perhaps exaggerate the facts; however, there is a large grain of truth in it. None of us, of course, wishes to be classed as one of the inactive nine-tenths; we rather prefer to slip the joke on the other fellow; we would rather he should be called indifferent and lazy, than take the admonition to ourselves. That is the natural bent of human nature; that is why progress in good works moves so slowly; that is why the saloon-keeper runs a mile while the church member is getting his boots on. Good is stronger than evil; righteousness is stronger than sin; the church is stronger than the saloon, as certainly as God is stronger than Satan. Who, then, is to blame because the saloon has such power? Let us be honest about this matter; let us make a frank confession, ask the Lord to forgive us, and pledge ourselves to more zealous activity. Let us be true and brave, and, like

GIDEON'S CHOSEN THREE HUNDRED,

come out boldly for the right, and allow God to use us in the great temperance cause. Why does any pastor or church member pray, "O Lord, we want a revival, and we want it bad; but we pray thee, O Lord, to send us a revival without mixing temperance with it." When the saloon-keeper and his associates are working night and day, three hundred and sixty-five days in every year, for a revival of their business, without mixing temperance with their revival, why do we not work in the church as faithfully as the liquor vender does in the saloon? Aye, the saloons do not take a vacation even on the one extra day in leap year. We speak figuratively of men and women who "go about doing good" as "angels in disguise," and such they are unto those to whom they go in their ministerings of mercy; and if there were more such "angels in disguise" we would sooner reach

THE MILLENNIUM.

What we need in our hearts is Christ's Golden Rule; for as long as heaven is linked to earth in our thoughts of a happy home, so long will Christ's Golden Rule be the standard for a perfect life; and though there are faults in every purely

human life, we never weary in the study of the life of Christ. What if it does require stern discipline and devoted service to win success! Your happiness will only be seasoned with a more sacred joy when the reward is bestowed. The name of Peter the Great lives in history as the one czar of Russia who left his throne to work on the docks of London as a ship carpenter that he might rival the best ship-builders of his time. And likewise the Nazarene carpenter condescended to humility and left his heavenly throne to serve humanity, and for this cause he will forever be enthroned in the affections of mankind. Jesus exalted service and made it honorable. He taught, "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant: even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." Whatever else may be said of

JOAN OF ARC,

the verdict of history is such that France has never forgotten the service she rendered her people in the time of a much-needed military leader. She had a conviction that she, though only a girl, could fill that place of leadership; she told of the patriotism that burned within her soul; she told

of her visions and the heavenly voices she had heard; she told of her faith in victory, if they would but follow her as leader. With the courage of her convictions, she stepped to the front and led the way; with faith in her star of hope, a conquering army followed her as leader. You know the result. Her brief but brilliant career changed the current of the history of her time; the clashing empires of the world were startled, and thrones trembled at this earthquake among the common people, who believed in destiny and the final triumph of right over wrong.

Who does not know that

THE SERVICES OF OLIVER CROMWELL

broke the iron chains of lordly and despotic tyranny, and gave the common people of England a chance for a while to breathe the invigorating air of freedom. Once, when Cromwell arose to address the House, Lord Digby inquired, "Who is that sloven?" "Cromwell," answered Hampden; and then added, "That sloven whom you see before you has no ornament in his speech, but if we should ever come to a breach with the king that sloven, I say, will be the greatest man in England." That breach with the king did come, and those prophetic words concerning Crom-

well were fulfilled. Cromwell did not have the faculty of catering to the notions of the lords, but he did know how to serve the best interests of all England. In all ages God has set his seal of approval upon devout, acceptable service, and with his approval is bestowed life's blessing crowned. Likewise, the world has recognized in consecrated service the healing balm for the ills of humanity. Mankind have gone wrong, and the woes of mankind through intemperance, in their far-reaching consequences, have become

THE GREATEST WRONG OF OUR AGE.

Through the evils of intemperance many have gone so far astray as to be heedless of the quiet whisperings of conscience, and even the striving of the Divine Spirit with their soul alone availed not in their choosing the right. Hence, Christ came to earth, and since his return to heaven some other human life, with a heart of compassion like unto the compassionate heart of Christ, has been sent to win man back to God. Therefore, if you have an opportunity to win some wandering prodigal from his wayward life, do not wait for the priest or Levite to do that good act for you. The priest or Levite may overlook some wayside unfortunate, and he may do so through

neglect, and his neglect may cost him his crown. Be that as it may, you be that good Samaritan, and get a good Samaritan's reward. The Bible was given to assure us that in all things

GOD IS MINDFUL OF US.

The Bible is the best book for the drinking man, because it tells him of Jesus, the sinner's best friend, and his next best friend is a true disciple of Jesus who is willing to work for the drunkard's rescue.

It does us good to enter into sympathy with those who have such marvelous faith as to trust themselves devoutly to the directing Hand divine; it does us good to read of "the angel of the Lord calling unto Abraham out of heaven," and assuring him that, because of his faith, "shall all the nations of the earth be blessed"; and it does us good to hear the "thus saith the Lord to his anointed": "I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight." The thought of these things, I say, does us good. To have faith in God, and feel that he has an interest in our welfare, soothes our sorrows and sets our restless souls at rest. It is a comfort, indeed, to repose in precious confidence under the overshadowing shield of God's protecting care, and enjoy rest, sweet

rest. This we can all do: we can point the drinking man to Christ for salvation from the awful slavery of drink; and you may be sure that, if you do not work for the Lord, the devil will get you to work for him.

Some one has said that

“THE IDLER’S BRAIN

is the devil’s work-shop.” Now, if the devil should walk along the street with his horns sticking out, and his cloven foot in plain sight, there is not a gambler, nor thief, nor saloon-keeper, nor dive-keeper in the city who would be seen in his company. Now don’t throw down this book for just a minute; be patient, and read a few lines more. Now, inasmuch as you would not be seen with the devil on the street in broad daylight before everybody else, do not be caught with him in a dark cellar, or behind a screen door! It is a humiliating thing to have the old, black traitor take off his cloak right before the biggest crowd he can get you into, and then show his horns and cloven foot. But that is what he is doing with many good (?) people every day; it is not because good (?) people intend to keep his company that they get into such trouble, but only

BECAUSE THEY ARE IDLE AND INACTIVE.

When the old black traitor comes along the street, as an angel of light, with his face powdered and his horns and cloven foot covered up, he always makes straight for the idle and inactive saint (?), and nine times out of ten—because he has nothing else to do—he or she, as the case may be, takes his offered arm and walks rejoicingly down the street with him and feels perfectly delighted at the thought of mingling in the society of an “angel of light.” Of course, such a one is ignorant of his real personality. Then the old arch traitor always stops in the biggest crowd, and shows his horns and cloven foot. Now this has been the experience of many good (?) people; then all other *good people suffer*, because some one has trifled away the best of his life by carelessly and thoughtlessly serving the devil when he should have been actively serving the Lord. General Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, has moved the whole world to greater activity by his earnest plea for “the submerged one-tenth.” The awful woes and distress of the one-tenth who infest the slums of our great cities, are produced largely by the saloons and their debasing annexes. This fact should

STIMULATE US TO VIGOROUS, ACTIVE EFFORT.

The story of the woes and distress of the unfortunates has already aroused many of the inactive nine-tenths to duty. But it is lamentably true that there is yet a large number of good people unemployed in self-sacrificing *gospel* and *temperance work*. There is a large number who have not yet felt conviction as to the *do* of the gospel. So broad is this field—inviting the co-operation of every willing worker—and so great is the evil of intemperance, that there is no one who ought not to *do* his part in helping stem the coming flood tide of destruction. A great temperance revival is now sweeping over the churches of our land, and the better class of all good citizens are beginning to take a stand against this evil, a stand that favors *personal total abstinence* and decided *action* to prevent the further spread of this evil. But we have only just begun to get our eyes open; we have only just begun to stretch ourselves after a sleep of indifference that is painfully rebuking to us when we look upon the past record.

To our surprise,

THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF OUR LAND

have awakened an interest by their zealous enthusiasm that has moved the whole country.

Armies of consecrated young people are already in the forefront of the battle. There is a shout of victory now going up that is making heaven glad and earth rejoice. The watchword of "FORWARD" is going down the line; the young soldier blood is growing hot with burning zeal, and new hope is inspiring the fainting hearts of the over-worked *one-tenth*, who for so long a time have been doing *nine-tenths* of the work.

There is no reason why there should be more saloons than churches. There is no reason why there should be more places dealing out the beverage of death than there are dealing out the "water of life." There is no reason why there should be more patrons of the accursed beverage of death than communicants who are partakers of the cup of the divine blessing.

However, I firmly believe that

THE CHURCH OF GOD ON EARTH,

with faith in the God of heaven, has now entered this conflict to battle until her efforts shall be crowned with triumphant victory. The various churches of all denominations are waking up, including the old Catholic Church. Progress is being made along all lines; the cup that intoxicates is no longer the approved cup of our Lord

at communion; understand me, fermented, intoxicating wine, though tolerated by a few churches,—but thank God they are a few,—is no longer generally approved; and conviction is growing so rapidly along this line, that we hope that in the near future the intoxicating wine at communion will be abolished from every church in the land. This will take the temperance cause a long step forward. The conscience of all good people is now more sensitive upon the enormous evils of intemperance than ever before. Though in some places the friends of temperance are inactive, the cause is not dead. It is with pain, and sorrow, and regret that we observe that anywhere such inactivity exists, but it will not always be so; there is still a God in heaven who also rules the destinies of earth; and there are yet a few Elijahs, and a few faithful and true,—like Gideon's heroic three hundred,—and the battle is the Lord's. God is a factor that must be counted in this battle, and we should always count him in as our source of greatest power in battling with the powers of darkness.

Sometimes it requires more courage, grace, and patience

TO AROUSE THE INACTIVE

than it does to fight the real battles. Jesus never

had so hard a time in convincing the unbelieving sinner of the error of his way as he did in convincing the self-righteous Pharisee who was neglecting his plain duty. It is the inactive professor who always gets alarmed over a revival; it is the man who has a secret jug in his cellar who always opposes a special effort in revival work to rescue drunkards, especially if he is urged to do all he can, by personal example as a total abstainer, and personal effort as a worker. Such men never create a sensation because of their zeal for the temperance cause, unless, as old General Jackson said of a cowardly, worthless officer who had been wounded, "it must have been by an accidental discharge of his duty." Too many people are afraid of a sensation in temperance and religion. We should not be afraid of a sensation if it is of the right kind. The entire life of Jesus was a sensation, but it was the right kind of a sensation. We wonder now, as we look back to the times of Jesus,—we wonder at the hardness of heart; we wonder at the hard-hearted people who drove Jesus out of their country, because he cast a legion of devils out of an unfortunate man, and because the devils entered into a herd of swine, and ran down "a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters"—perished, both the

devils and the swine. But I personally know of a case where a devoted gospel minister, who, because he worked to cast the demon of drink out of men, was driven out of town, and this was done when nothing but pure gospel temperance was preached, and preached in the Master's spirit of love and kindness; and this was done in the face of the reformation of several of the worst drunkards in the town—a reformation that not only meant a pledge to total abstinence, but also included their genuine conversion and acceptance of Jesus Christ as their Saviour. How can such bitter opposition be accounted for? It is to me, indeed, a marvel. How can it be accounted for, when not even a single head of swine was lost? I don't know, and never could guess, unless, for want of a herd of swine, the legion of devils which had been cast out of

THE POOR OLD DRUNKARDS

had entered into those who raised the bitter opposition. We are living in perilous times. Truly, "the devil is going about seeking whom he may devour," and the most painful thought about it is that many good (?) people, by their inactivity and indifference, too often practically help (though, perhaps, unintentionally) the devil

in his destructive work. At best, the faithful one-tenth have a hard battle fighting the devil, but it is harder still to overcome the stolid indifference of the inactive nine-tenths. But this stolid indifference will not always obtain. God, by his unseen Spirit, is working in the hearts of men. He will certainly answer the prayer of his own beloved Son, and he will finally unite the disciples of his Son and make them "perfect in one" in all the world. Until then we must labor unceasingly to stimulate to action the whole church and the whole world; for victory, final victory, is only a question of time.

CHAPTER VII

SAVE THE BOYS

SAVE the boys; at whatever cost, save the boys. For if we do not save the boys of to-day we will lose the men of to-morrow. Do not say, "There is time enough yet." That habit of delaying, on the part of parents, has often been a fatal mistake, and only discovered when it was too late. Do not call your boy too young to sign and keep the pledge. Do not neglect your duty to start the feet of your little boy on the safe path to virtue and sobriety while he is yet young. But remember that boys are boys, with all their life and mischief; and for my part I would not have them otherwise. Boys make mistakes, but if the parent will "train up a child in the way he should go, when he is old he will not depart from it." After all, when he is absent how we miss our mischief-making boy. The vacant chair at the table, the empty trundle-bed, the strange silence! Try as we may to find a substitute for his noise in the most charming music of invented instruments, yet something is wanting. Unconsciously we find

ourselves listening for the coarse, boisterous, joking laugh, or the run, hop, skip, and jump in the hall. It is music from nature, and even in its roughest tones it is music still. God has given elasticity to his little limbs—what if he does play “leap frog”? God has put genius and thought into his little brain—what if he does exhibit shrewdness? God has tuned his little voice to a heavenly harp—what if he does ask questions? You would prize him more if he were gone. Only start him right in life and counsel him to keep on the right track and let him go ahead.

Bishop Matthew Simpson, the greatest orator that the Methodist denomination ever produced, once said of himself that in youth his passions were like two fiery steeds, seemingly hurrying him to destruction, but turned in the right direction they proved to be the secret of his marvelous success; and in one sentence he thus summed up all: “The voices that spoke to me when a child are now speaking through me to the world.” About some things you can learn more in an hour from your innocent, happy, rollicking boy, than you can learn out of books in a year. For weeks

YOU HAVE HAD A TROUBLE,

and you have been trying to get rid of it. Notice

when that boy has a trouble. For a few moments he weeps passionately, and a few moments later he has forgotten it all, and is at his play again, or has gone to sleep, and is calmly resting in the land of dreams. Go now to his bedside; look into his peaceful face asleep, at rest, and learn something. Some one has called children "sunbeams in the home," which is a very true saying. Stay at that bedside a moment longer; look again into that peaceful face; carry away that photograph in your memory, and you will be a better man. We wonder sometimes at the patience of the poor, who struggle and toil through hardships sore to keep the wolf of hunger and want from their door. We wonder, I say; but there is more delight and sunlight to those parents in the smiling, upturned faces and sparkling eyes, begging for kisses and asking for favors, than in all the world besides. See Benjamin West, in youth making brushes out of the old cat's fur and begging colors from the Indians, and then painting from nature beautiful pictures for his forest home. Encouraged then by his mother's caresses, we hear of him afterward speaking with emotion, from the lofty heights of fame to which he had attained, and saying, "My mother's kiss made me a painter." Study your boy in the days of

his innocence. He is full of vigor and life; he is full of invention and genius, and in his soul is the spirit of inquiry and progress. Gain his confidence, and he is generous and kind, and will share his dinner or his toys. He is as full of love as the rose is of perfume; treat him kindly, and he will ever be your friend.

To every life there is a turning-point, a moment of decision, an hour when a purpose in life is fixed. At what age in life this turning-point is reached differs with individuals. Some persons at a very early age choose their field of usefulness in life. The father of Agassiz, the great naturalist, designed his boy to follow a commercial life; but young Agassiz turned to nature, and instead studied frogs and fishes; and in this he became an enthusiast and made tours on foot through Europe to examine the different species of fishes.

WHILE YET A BOY

he went to London with letters of introduction to Sir Roderick Murchison.

“You have been studying nature,” said the great man to him bluntly; “and what have you learned?”

The bashful youth replied, “I think I know a little about fishes.”

At a meeting of the Royal Society one evening, Sir Roderick called upon young Agassiz to sketch for him upon the blackboard his idea of a certain extinct species of fish which had existed long before man. In a moment it was done. Then Sir Roderick brought from the museum an antiquated skeleton of the original species of fish. The sketch was compared with the skeleton. It was correct in every bone and line. The old doctors burst into loud applause.

In telling the story afterward Agassiz said: "That was the proudest moment of my life—no, the happiest; for then I knew my father would consent that I should give my life to science."

A similar case is furnished in that of Michael Angelo. His father had planned a great political career for his son, and despised the idea of his boy being what he called a "dauber and a mason." One day Michael visited the Gardens of St. Mark, in Florence. Prince Lorenzo de' Medici was then its great patron of art. With a desire to become an artist, young Michael secured permission of the workmen to try his hand as a sculptor. The model was a faun. Day after day he worked hard and long. One morning, on returning to work, he observed the faun was gone. A man standing near by informed

him that it had been taken to the palace of the prince. The boy, as naturally he would, expressed regret that his unfinished faun had been placed among Lorenzo's choice collection of art specimens, lest the prince should be displeased. But, to the boy's greater surprise, the man declared that he himself was Prince Lorenzo de' Medici. Then, turning to Michael Angelo, Lorenzo said, "Henceforth you shall be counted as my son, for you are destined to become one of the great masters of art."

If there are

ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS IN YOUR BOY,

do not suppress them, but let them have an opportunity for development. There is a familiar proverb that "coming events cast their shadows before" them; so it is with the coming man—the elements of greatness are often foreshadowed in early life. Of Napoleon it has been said, "He was Napoleon when a boy." History repeats itself. The events of to-day will be repeated to-morrow, and we look upon that boy of to-day as the man who will solve the problems of to-morrow. Rightly studied, he benefits us, and by rightly teaching him he is benefited; by doing our duty to him now we may place in his hands

the lever with which to lift the burdens of the dawning age. Teach your boy what is right and it will never fade from his memory. Said Dean Stanley, "I once visited an aged statesman and he repeated to me word for word an evening hymn as he learned it ninety years before." There is a charm to youth which we can never forget. The poet has thus expressed it in elegant verse; he first describes a barefoot boy, who wishes he could change places with a millionaire:

"'Tis evening, and the round, red sun
Sinks slowly in the west;
The flowers fold their petals up,
The birds fly to their nests.
The crickets chirrup in the grass,
The bats wheel to and fro;
And tinkle tankle up the lane
The lowing cattle go.
And the rich man from his carriage
Looks out on them as they come—
On them, and the barefoot boy
That drives the cattle home.
'I wish,' the boy said to himself,
'I was that millionaire;
I'd have a palace of my own
And never know a care:
There is no wish that heart could frame
I would not gratify;
There would not be in all the world
A happier man than I!
What joy 't would be to lead a life
Where cares would never come,
And be no more the barefoot boy
That drives the cattle home.'"

This same barefoot boy, grown to manhood, also becomes a millionaire; then, as he thinks of

THE HAPPY DAYS OF YOUTH,

in contrast with his life of care, he wishes himself the barefoot boy again.

“ And the rich man sighs unto himself
‘ My wealth I ’d gladly give,
Could I live another life than
That which now I live,—
Could I leave behind the dust and glare
And tumult of the town,
And sleep at night without a care
If stocks went up or down.
Oh, I ’d give my palace and my yacht
That sails the ocean foam,
To be once more the barefoot boy
That drives the cattle home.’ ”

Let me repeat it, that you may never forget it. Youth is a charm, a diamond charm set in a golden casket, and through all the changing scenes of time it ever holds fast to memory. During these happy days of childhood we should put forth our every effort to save our boys and keep them from the awful snares of intemperance. Whenever a boy is old enough to walk in at the open door of a saloon he is old enough to raise his little hand to God and take the temperance pledge; and if you as parents will encourage his little heart in his good resolve, he will grow

up into manhood's years with that pledge unbroken.

One day I stepped into a barber-shop on Archer Avenue, Chicago, and, while waiting for the tonsorial artist, the barber's little son, about two years old, was scampering around the room. I love children, and while waiting my turn I engaged the attention of the child. He was a beautiful child, and his merry, prattling voice was music indeed. His chubby little hand was placed in mine; his sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks, and his sweet face, lighted up with a loving smile, reminded me of my own baby boy. As I mused on his prospects for a happy future, I took him in my arms and pressed him to my heart. I looked into his clear blue eyes, and they mirrored the innocent, spotless soul within; and in my vision I looked down

THE YEARS OF HIS LIFE

and thought of the joy he would bring to that home; I thought of the promise in his youth and young manhood, and the comfort he would be to his parents as a support in their old age; and I thought of the joy he would bring to that home. I thought of the possibilities before him for doing good and achieving success, just as if he were my

own boy. Presently the door opened and the little feet were heard pattering on the sidewalk, going up the street; the father was busy, so I went out and followed the little feet, overtook him, and said:

“My boy, where are you going?”

His baby voice answered, “I’s dist—doin—to—dit—a—pint—of—beer; I’s dist—doin—to—dit—a—pint—of—beer.”

And then I looked a few rods ahead of him and saw the open door of a saloon. Oh, what thoughts and feelings flooded my mind and heart at that moment! My former bright vision of his future vanished, and I dare not paint to you that other vision which arose in my mind. The words of that baby boy have been ringing in my ears ever since, “I’s—dist—doin—to—dit—a—pint—of—beer; I’s—dist—doin—to—dit—a—pint—of—beer”; and if he should go through life that way, with his brain crazed with beer, I wondered where else he would go.

There are two pictures now in my mind, and I trust that you may now see them as vividly as I do, and trust that they may forever live in your memory. There is a boy pure, true, and full of hope. Gentle hands have kindly caressed him from his youth; from the cradle the watchful care of his mother has been like that of a guard-

ian angel. Nightly his father has prayed that he might have divine guidance through all life's stormy trials. In every trying temptation the sympathy of friends has been his strong defense. With a purpose true and a stainless character he steps out into the world to battle for the right. He projects the force of his whole life toward the goal of success and he succeeds, and in life's great battle he proves himself a man. We call his name George, because we are reminded of the model life of that other George whose name lives in history as an exemplary boy, and who became a model man, and whose boyhood is connected with the story of the hatchet and the cherry tree, and who in manhood became the first President of the United States—

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Unto that typical American the mothers of our land have pointed their boys with pride for over a century, and have hoped and prayed that they might be like him. Then I see another boy: from infancy he has been misfortune's mark; his heart was once tender as that of any other innocent child; orphaned at a very early age, he has wandered lonely and friendless in a cold world. During the tender years of youth he was

sent adrift where the very atmosphere was tainted with sin; with others he took to the cup and tried to drown his troubles in drink; but as he drank the cup to its bitter dregs he found that he was sinking to deeper depths of woe. In the lingering strength of his wasted life he tried to repent and reform; but the cold world was against him. He feels that these words of the poet Savage fittingly describe his condition:

“Oh, fate of late repentance always vain,
Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
Where shall my hope find rest? No mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer;
No father's hand my youth maintained,
Called forth my virtues and from vice restrained.”

He finds himself in the byways of sin; he finds the tempter seeking his ruin, and he finds out he is lost. As he goes down hill every one gives him a kick, and step by step downward he goes. He loses friends, he loses courage, he loses hope. But just as he is about to give up in despair some one with a kind heart gives him a helpful lift and speaks to him a kind word and he stands upon his feet again. He is asked to sign and keep the pledge—God helping. The dormant powers of his soul awaken; he begins to feel the returning joy of the consciousness of latent manhood. He was lost, but now he is res-

cued. We call his name John, because we know of another John who was so much like him—

JOHN B. GOUGH.

John B. Gough, you remember, made up his mind at one time that he was lost; but at that critical moment some one with a kind heart spoke an encouraging word to him, and that word resulted in his rescue. Gough had been kindly asked to sign the pledge. Now note Gough's own words: "I went on my way, much touched by the kind interest which at last some one had taken in my welfare. I said to myself, 'If it shall be the last act of my life, I will perform my promise and sign it, even though I die in the attempt; for that man has placed confidence in me, and on that account I love him.'" And so Gough signed the pledge, and kept it; and for over forty years he traveled the earth and spent his life in rescuing the unfortunate drunkard. He was never so eloquent as when he was speaking upon the theme of temperance; and the last words he ever uttered (from a lecture platform in Philadelphia) were in pleading with men, and especially *young men*, never to drink. That night he pleaded like one speaking from the border of eternity, and as he spoke this sentence: "Young

man, keep your record clean," he fell to the platform unconscious, and soon afterward died. O boys with lives innocent, pure, and happy! O young men with powers and passions and a precious future! O husbands with wife and children to protect! O fathers with sons and daughters who look to you for an example!—"keep your record clean" from the evils of intemperance—intemperance in all its various forms; and remember, oh, remember, that it is better to *prevent* the youth from acquiring an appetite and passion for drink than to *cure* them after the drinking habit is once formed!

CHAPTER VIII

SAVE THE GIRLS

VERY often do we hear the plea, "Save the boys"; but it is very seldom that we hear the plea, "Save the girls." Why is this difference? It is because we commonly hold too extreme notions concerning girls. It is thought to be a waste of time to talk about saving a good, pure, virtuous girl, because she is considered to be so good as not to be in danger; and it is likewise thought to be a waste of time to bother about saving a bad, impure, fallen girl, because as a fallen girl she is deemed too bad to be saved. I know this is a strong way of stating the question; but refer to the common practice of mankind, and see if it is not too true. Of a good woman, who is pure, virtuous, and true, we make an angel; of a bad woman, though she may be unfortunate, we make a fallen angel, and count her out as irreparably lost. It is time that we learn that there are demands made upon us for righteousness' sake that we should not ignore on the ground of prejudice. A large per cent. of fallen girls have had their ruin plotted by

BLACK-HEARTED VILLAINS,

who wear nice clothes, and hold high positions, and who are petted in society, even though their lives are commonly known to be impure. Shame on any social circle, however high may be their pretensions, if they tolerate two standards,—one for men and another for women. Such standards, whenever found in civilization, tend to lower the standard of virtue. Thanks to the noble womanhood of America that these antiquated notions of heathenism are rapidly being supplanted by a higher moral tone that is fast leavening society for the betterment of mankind. In woman *love and affection* is more of a predominating influence than in man; and I am not certain but what the intensity of love and hate are also stronger. We like or dislike, and to us things are pleasant or unpleasant, agreeable or disagreeable. It is written,

“LOVE IS STRONG AS DEATH”;

and also that “jealousy is as cruel as the grave.” Try as we may to avoid it, yet by these mighty impulses of the soul are our tempestuous lives governed. While love controls the heart, all is peaceful and calm; but if hate is cherished in the heart, the whole nature is in a storm. It is an

unchangeable law of our being that there are some things we cannot learn to love; and likewise there are some things we cannot learn to hate. These laws of attraction and repulsion pervade the whole realm of nature. When either of these two elements of our nature is aroused, then it is necessary for safety to call reason to supremacy of control. Love! What is love? It is that mighty passion of the soul that sways the whole nature of man. What is love? In its essence pure and simple it is divine; but in man's nature it is a passion, and, to prevent serious consequences from its abuse, love must be subject to the higher dictate of pure reason. Love in subjection to reason is a virtue of priceless value. Where this virtue is rightly cultivated and controlled there is the least danger of shipwreck in life. The soul that is surrounded by love has a fortress that is proof against the severest attacks of sin. Where true love dwells the first impulse of the soul is to

SHUN THE VERY APPEARANCE OF EVIL.

She who is strong here and has a high moral sense of right is capable of the greatest good. In girlhood love and hate are stronger than at any other age in life. Look upon a young woman when the heart is moved by these mighty impulses

of the soul. See the whole being stormed by passions, the power of which she had never known before. See love and hate struggle for mastery. What a wonderful scene! To conquer for the right is a more brilliant achievement of true courage than the victory of Wellington at Waterloo. The conflict wages. It is hard for the will to exalt reason to supremacy of control. It is hard to subdue hate to love and to forgive and forget. At last the storm is over. After the storm is a calm, and the soul, tendered by love, thus gives expression:

“Let by-gones be by-gones;
Your heart will be lighter
When kindness of yours
With reception is met.
The flame of your heart
Will be purer and brighter
If, Godlike, you strive
To forgive and forget.”

Though love should ever predominate over the other elements of our nature, yet there are some things which we cannot learn to love; and if they are evil, then do not try to love them, but if they are good, then do not allow yourself to hate. If what your nature rejects with a dislike is really good, and good for you to possess, in due time it will find its way to your heart by

THE TRUSTY ROAD OF REASON.

It is not necessary nor always best to banish our dislikes, and while hate should not be cherished, yet, remaining, it may serve a wise purpose. A certain father became very much irritated because his daughter did not fall in love with a certain fellow to whom he himself had taken a great fancy, and he thus admonished his daughter:

“Mary! Mary! You must not hate Sam!” To which the daughter replied,

“Father, it isn’t Sam that I hate; it is his tarnal actions.”

Now there are some things and people we cannot learn to love; neither should we hate them. While, again, it may be right to hate. It is right to hate what is wrong. Hate falsehood! Hate bad habits! Hate wickedness of every kind! For

“Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

Hate vice! Hate evil! And, Godlike, hate sin! You are all familiar with the disgraceful downfall of Charles Stewart Parnell, of Ireland, and Col. W. C. P. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, and how they thought within themselves to disregard the sacred obligations of the home and

the holy laws of chastity. But Ireland's and America's love of virtue was too strong for them, and under the powerful ban of irresistible public opinion they went down as if a millstone were hanging about their necks, and as they went down they dragged with them the proud pride and hope of their admiring followers.

Of all the periods in life, the most charming and the most important is when young manhood and young womanhood are being established. During this period character is formed. Here is made the choice of destiny; and whatever else you gain or lose, be sure, be sure of character.

In the month of July, 1892, the great International Christian Endeavor Convention was held in New York City. Old, conservative New York City, with its famous conventions in the past, never before saw such a tidal wave of religious enthusiasm. Being the Illinois representative in the

TEMPERANCE CONFERENCE

of that convention, I not only studied what was said and done there, but I also spent several days and nights in studying the practical side of the question in the darkest parts of the city. Darkest Chicago was familiar to me, and I proposed to

know something of darkest New York, about which so much has been said and still the half is not told. Calling at the headquarters of the Salvation Army, I had a most profitable interview with Commander Ballington Booth. He furnished me a bright young Salvation Army soldier for a guide. Of course, their principal "barracks" and "shelters" were visited, and their great work in the slums, rescuing the fallen of both men and women, was fully explained, and proof of their mission of rescue was made plain by the actual work of self-sacrifice which is carried on by their heroic soldiers. Then and there I thanked God for the work of the Salvation Army in

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

Then and there I breathed a prayer that an army of workers might be enlisted from all the churches, the world over, to rescue mankind from the curse of the drink plague. For many days and nights I studied darkest New York to find out the solution to the problem of the wretchedness and woe that exist there in the deepest-dyed sins of humanity.

Major Emma J. Brown, of the Salvation Army, has devoted her life to work in the slums to res-

cue fallen women. I quote from a recent interview, which is substantially the same as her account to me:

“We go to the houses and talk kindly and reason earnestly with the girls and women whom we find in such places; where they seem to care, are interested or affected, we leave our address, and in a week or ten days try to see them again. Some are found who abhor the life they are living and long to get away from it, but see no avenue open for an honest and better life. To such, when we find them sincere, we offer the refuge of our home, where they can stay until we are satisfied they have broken away from the past; then we secure for them employment. Under the constant influence of Christian women many are converted, and it is then, and only then, they are safe; for it is the love of God alone that

SAVES THE FALLEN SISTER.

“We do not look upon an erring woman as the public is so apt to do. There are thousands of good women who, when they see one of the fallen with a black eye, perhaps, and oaths upon her lips, turn away with disgust. Not so with me. I know there is another side that is not all black. There is a heart that must be found; there is a

soul that must be saved. And sometimes I weep tears of joy at the words and looks of deepest gratitude from one whose sin-cursed life has been swept aside, and who is filled with hope and happiness, all through a few simple words of kindness and the finger that points to the cross. I met a girl one time who had sold her last ring

TO SECURE THE NECESSARIES OF LIFE.

She had no friends to whom to turn, and seemed unable to secure employment. She was struggling with the alternative of starvation or disgrace, and was considering, when I met her, a proposition that had come that very hour from a man who proffered assistance upon certain conditions. One word of kindness, the hand grasp of friendship, and she broke into a flood of tears. She went to our home until we found her employment, and one of the delights of my life is a letter from her upon every anniversary, filled with gratitude and joy."

This is truly the kind of work that tells. One night I visited the midnight service at "Florence Mission." This Mission is located at 29 Bleecker Street, and is often run all night. With the class of outcasts with which this Mission deals, night is turned into day. During the day

the usual business is carried on in store and market, but when night comes the streets are thronged with a criminal class, who come out from their hiding-places to prey upon the innocent and ignorant, for they live by vice and all forms of wickedness. Our trip was through the wickedest section of the city. My guide said to me, as we reached this sin-cursed spot of New York: "It is well for me to speak a word of warning here. Though, in my Army rescue work, I often go through this street at midnight on a mission of duty, yet I never do so without a sense of danger, for thefts, murders, and the vilest crimes occur here almost every night." I am no coward, nor am I a stranger to work in the slums of a great city; but my heart bounded into my throat more than once that night. Never shall I forget a thrilling shriek that came from an old livery barn in a dark alley as we passed by, and the shrill voice of some one in great agony crying for help; and the sound of throwing missiles and stones, and the cursing and swearing of the participants, made it indeed frightful. A manly-looking policeman advanced cautiously toward the scene of trouble. Said my guide, "That man is a brave officer, but he knows that he is taking his life in his hands

in going into that crowd." It was "Robbers' Roost," and no wonder that he should tremble for his life. Oh, such language as fell upon our ears! such hard faces as met our gaze! such a hell as those brutes in human form were carrying in their breasts! Then I remembered that it was for such that Christ had died, and for such

I MUST WORK TO RESCUE.

And then I remembered that just such fallen humanity as these, when redeemed, would live with God and the angels; and there to rescue them I was sent with the message of salvation. Remembering this, my heart was tendered. The sign of "Florence Mission" (illuminated) flashed out like a ray of hope in a dark place; the old familiar gospel hymns were being sung; the large room was crowded with men and women,—hard-faced and hard-hearted. The old gospel was proclaimed with the old-time power, and then came opportunities for testimonies and confessions. Several hard-faced men and women one after another arose to speak; then I saw that they were not all brutes in human form, but that some of them were my brothers and sisters in Christ, once fallen, now saved, and that others were seeking to return to our Heavenly Father, as did the prodigal son.

FLORENCE MISSION

was established to rescue fallen girls; and it was so named in honor of Florence Crittenton, who died when she was only four years old; and her father, a successful business man of New York, to perpetuate her memory established this Mission. Florence Mission also has a home of refuge for girls who sincerely desire to reform. But it has been found necessary to fix an age limit, because this home for fallen girls is always crowded to its fullest capacity, there not being room for all who apply. That night a woman came in who looked indeed wretched. She had been drinking, yet she seemed to know what she was doing. She appeared to be serious and in earnest. At the close of the regular services she remained for the after meeting in the inquiry room, and in apparent humility she asked for prayers. She wept bitterly and lamented her wayward life. She said she had never been to the Mission before, and that she had come resolved to lead a better life; and then she asked to be admitted to the Home for Girls. She was asked her age. Then I heard the superintendent say, "We are glad to do all we can for you in the Mission, but you are too old to take into the Home for Girls." She stood in solemn silence for a moment. Then

tears streamed down her cheeks. It was a sight to cause an angel to weep. When the deep emotion had subsided she turned and walked slowly away, and I heard her say as she passed out of the door: "I'm too old; I'm lost! I'm too old; I'm lost!" I shall never forget that night and those words of despair,—“I'm too old; I'm lost! I'm too old; I'm lost.”

It is not because they are so bad at heart that so many girls fall, but frequently it is because of adverse circumstances. You do not know what you would have been had unfavorable circumstances been your lot, such as have surrounded some of these girls. Of course you now think that had you been in her place you would have been strong enough to stand, and strong enough to withstand such an evil under all circumstances. But ponder this thought in your mind, and see if you do not have more pity for the unfortunates.

All great cities have their poor, ignorant, and

VICTIMS OF ILL FORTUNE.

There are also criminals, crooks, gamblers, saloon-keepers, and scarlet women; but even among those who are included in this class there are exceptions. There are unfortunates who do not follow their wayward lives from choice. Knowing this,

missions are planted in the midst of these dark spots in our great cities. Then good, true-hearted workers are sent there as missionaries on errands of mercy. There in the darkness they hold up Jesus, the "Light of the world," as the Saviour, especially for lost men and fallen women.

The first thing that must be done to help these unfortunates is to get them to look above themselves, and to inspire them with a desire to do better; and, of all things employed, there has never been any elevating influence like unto the gospel of Jesus Christ to stimulate the desire in the heart to live a better life. It pays to support missions in the dark spots of great cities; it gives the neglected a chance to start a better life in heart, which will develop into a better outward life; it serves as a means of reform to find out those who really at heart want to lead a better life, and gives

THE WILLING WORKERS

an opportunity to wisely bestow their work where it will do the most good. Think kindly of these missions and homes, for none of them ever turn away repentant souls because they do not care for them; if any are turned away, it is because they *cannot care for them*. There are not enough homes yet provided for all the unfortunates that

apply; hence the rescue of the young girls is emphasized, because there is more hope of their permanent reformation.

The admonition of this incident is a warning to all who continue in sin. It is a terrible thing to procrastinate, to trifle with destiny, to grow old in sin. I took opportunity to inquire of this fallen woman what caused her first step downward. In childhood she was as pure as any other child. In girlhood she was happy and hopeful. But the custom of drinking prevails in many families, especially in our great cities, among women and children as well as men. She had learned to drink in common with others. In the giddy rounds of pleasure she drank without thought of harm. But drink always blunts the moral sensibilities and steals away the victim's brains. And as she told her story, between her sobs and tears, over and over again she repeated this sentence, "It was drink that led to my fall." Then drink in the giddy whirlpool of vice dulled her moral sensibilities more and more, and in time she drifted on to deeper ruin. Oh, save the girls! Those words are true—too true. For there are many to-day who send up this same painful cry of despair: "I'm too old; I'm lost! I'm too old; I'm lost!"

CHAPTER IX

SAVE THE YOUNG MEN

DANIEL WEBSTER, whose words were silvery and whose thoughts were golden, never uttered a more eloquent passage than this: "If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds—if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something that will brighten to all eternity."

Until a boy is about fifteen years old he is a boy; but between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five he is "Young America." Tell me how a young man has spent these ten years of his life, and I will tell you, in nine cases out of ten, how his life will end. This is the formation period in life; here is the age of promise; here life is seen in all its beauty of attraction, and the glare and glitter of the world make things look richer than they really are. Some have been so charmed by

THIS HAPPY PERIOD IN LIFE

that they weep at the thought of ever growing

old; and I love to hear old people tell about their young lives, which were as happy as the brightest dream. But hear me, young friends, while I speak these earnest words: Do not let the glare and glitter of the world deceive you! Heed these timely words of him who said, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment"; therefore, be cheerful and be wise, for much of your life is in your own hands. Then again, do not cherish discontent, but learn to appreciate what you have; stop once in a while and count over your treasures. Have you a good home? Have you good health, a good brain, a good heart, a good name? Have you all of these, to say nothing about your many other treasures? Then you ought to be happy. Be pure! Be good! Be happy!

But there is one more treasure of which I wish to speak, and that is

A GOOD MOTHER.

I have been a boy, and I tried to be a good boy, and I am now a father, and I try to be a good father to my boys; but I can say this, that there is no one who can take the place of a good mother.

Young man, your mother is your best earthly friend. She has her failings, 't is true, and one of her failings is that she has often been too good and too kind to you. Young man, be kind to your mother, and then there will be no cause for regret when she is gone; for while on earth she is your guardian angel. Wendell Phillips related this, a true story of an old sea captain:

“WHEN I WAS YOUNG,

I was crazy to go to sea. At last my mother consented that I should seek my fortune. ‘My boy,’ said she, ‘I don’t know anything about towns, and I never saw the sea, but they tell me they make thousands of drunkards. Now promise me you will never drink a drop of liquor.’ He said: ‘I laid my hand in hers, and promised, as I looked into her face for the last time; for soon after she died. I have been on every sea and have seen the worst kind of life and men. They laughed at me and called me a milksop, and wanted to know if I was a coward. But when they offered me liquor I saw my mother’s pleading face, and I never drank a drop.’”

Young man, when you go out from a good home, remember the good advice of your mother. But,

WHO IS THIS "YOUNG AMERICA,"

about whom we hear so much? He is not a newcomer; he has been here for a long time, and is here to stay. We heard of him away back there at the cradle of liberty, when this proud nation was born. Then he tied his boat to a stump on the shore of the Atlantic, and ever since he has pushed, like a steam-engine, through every difficulty, crossed every river, explored every forest, and climbed every mountain; and now he breathes zephyr breezes on the shore of the Pacific. Because of his courage, zeal, and perseverance we call him "Young America." It is his young blood and vigorous life that makes him the power that he is,—a power turned to good which is inestimable. I wish to be understood here. There is a common use made of this term which is widely different in meaning from the one I have in mind. By "Young America" I mean the young man clothed with all his power and vigor of life. Though this "Young America" makes more mistakes, deserves more rebukes, and needs more good, fatherly advice than at any other period of his life, yet he wakes up more sleepy drones, inspires more enthusiasm, and sets more men to thinking than any other class, and under a free

government he is the life of the age in which he lives.

But there is another species of humanity. I don't know just what to name *it*, but *it* goes by the name of

“DUDE.”

Now this creature called a “dude” always displays a certain mental embellishment which is styled “cul-cha.” You have often heard it — “cul-cha” — with all of the Bostonian accent. This is a description of the creature which I saw. I have not forgotten the sight, and I never shall. It was in a distant village some years ago. Strolling along the street he went. The neighbor's children ran out to see him as he passed. His pantaloons were made on the tight order, his shoes had a very great protuberance extending outward from the toes, and his coat was cut to suit his occupation. On his snow-white hands were delicate kids, and the scattered hairs on his upper lip were periodically stroked for a mustache. In one hand he sported a cane, and in the other he carried a Chinese parasol; and as he walked, night or day, he looked for stars. That spring he had gone to college. He had entered a tender bud, and at the close of the term he came out in full bloom, and henceforth he would have people

to know that he was a gent of "cul-cha." Up the street he walked with stately tread, with his eyes toward the stars. At a street-crossing he met a careless urchin's wheelbarrow, and then he suddenly saw a whole cluster of stars. After this vision of stars he arose from a very humble position and used the protuberance of his shoe to correct the unfeeling wheelbarrow. At the same time he applied to the stupid concern a new series of names. The words used were neither scientific nor classical, but they seemed to be a special vocabulary extemporized for the occasion. Now I think you will all agree with me that this creature was a "dude." But there is one thing I omitted to say: he also had a cigarette in his mouth. Now the Lord may have made a "dude" for a cigarette, but it does seem to me that if the Lord had intended it for a man he would have made a little chimney up through the top of his head.

John B. Gough told this story of a man who undertook to give up

THE HABIT OF CHEWING TOBACCO:

At first he threw his tobacco away, saying as he did so, "That's the end of it." But it wasn't. Oh! how badly he wanted it. After suffering a tor-

turing craving for it for thirty-six or forty-eight hours he said: "Well, there is no use, I must go and get some tobacco. And when I want some awfully I will take some." Well, he did want it awfully, and he said he believed that it was God's good Spirit that was striving with him, as he held the tobacco in his hand. Looking at it he said: "I love you, but are you my master, or am I yours? You are a weed and I am a man. You are a thing and I am a man. I'll master you if I die for it." And he did master it. So can you, young man, master any useless habit, *for God has made you a man*. It may be that some habit has now made you its slave, and that you are at its mercy. But remember that God helps him who helps himself. Remember that God has helped many other young men, and if you will seek his help in the time of your need he will help you.

There is something enchanting in the story of Jacob's

FIRST NIGHT AWAY FROM HOME.

As night came on he was weary from his long journey,—a stranger in a strange land,—and he lay down to refresh himself in sleep with only the sky for a covering and a stone for a pillow; but,

as he slept, the eye of God looked down upon him; God knew that with all his faults he had the elements of a great man, and he chose to tell him so. That night God visited Jacob in a dream. Let me say right here, that I pity the young man who has never had a dream of the wonderful possibilities of a rightly directed life. And Jacob dreamed, "and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it." But there was something grander still than the sight of those ministering angels; that of itself was enough to fill any young man's soul with high and noble hopes, but the young man Jacob saw on up to the throne of God, and he heard a voice from heaven, saying, "I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac: . . . behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of."

Inspiring though a vision may be, yet grander still is the divine assurance within, that God will protect and guide through the perilous journey of life. Young man, if you would be happy and successful in life, take Jesus into partnership with

you. If you have formed a bad habit, he will help you to break it; if you have temptations, he will help you to overcome them; if you lack happiness in your heart, remember that in him is the fullness of joy that can be found nowhere else.

Young man,

YOU WISH TO SUCCEED.

Then upon something as a sure foundation you must build. Let character be that foundation, conscience your guide, and truth your aim, and you will be happy, *and happiness is success*. "Success" is a word which to every one has a charm. True success brings happiness, *and happiness is success*; but the road to success is by the path of toil. Some one has put it this way: "Get the working quality well trained"; that is, if you meet a difficulty in your way to success, work through it, but never run from a task of duty. Men who have achieved success are those who have set their mark high, and then have worked unceasingly for high achievement.

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night."

All the places in life worth having have their drudgery and require toil, and to a man of enter-

prise the easy places are not worth having. Do not complain so much about the little place you now occupy. By indolence you will shrink up until you can fill only one corner of that little place; but by working, developing, and growing, that little place will soon be too small to hold you any longer.

LET OTHERS SNEER AT WORK

and frown upon labor if they will, but you and I cannot afford to. A French doctor once taunted Fleicher, Bishop of Nismes, who had been a tallow-chandler in his youth, with the meanness of his origin, to which Fleicher replied, "If you had been born in the same condition that I was, you would have still been but a maker of candles."

Often this question is asked: "At what age in life is abiding success usually attained?" My judgment is, that abiding success is rarely attained until after the age of twenty-five, and from that time till fifty is life's great harvest. The foundation, however, is usually laid in early life, but it requires mature manhood to achieve abiding success. You that are young

HOLD TO THIS THOUGHT,

and make it fast in memory. The sweet dreams of childhood, and the charm of young manhood's

golden years, furnish the background to abiding success; therefore, I would have every boy fix his eye upon the goal of success during the palmy days of youth, for *every habit* formed in youth is a stone built into the structure of character, and the world will sit in judgment upon the effect of those habits through all the after life.

Daniel Webster formed an early habit of constantly storing his mind with rich treasures of thought. Once, after he had told an affecting story in one of his great speeches, he was asked where he got it, to which he replied, "I have had that story laid up in my head for fourteen years, but never had a chance to use it until to-day."

Next to the formation of good habits is the utility of reserved force; and an important element in reserved force is

DECISION OF CHARACTER.

Says Foster, "Decision of character is the one bright, golden apple which every young man should strive in the beginning to pluck from the tree of life." Cultivate decision and a personality of your own. Be yourself; use your own brains; put an estimate upon the treasures of your own heart, but do not be your own model. Goldsmith has truly said, "Men seldom improve when they

have no other models than themselves to copy after." Be yourself, and cultivate decision and a personality of your own, but set your ideal model above yourself and strive to reach it, and keep on striving until success is achieved.

DO YOU EXPECT TO SUCCEED?

This question I ask for your thoughtful reflection. Do you expect to succeed? Some one, in a careless and indifferent manner, answers, "I guess I will." With such persons the habit grows, and, when an important decision is necessary to achieve success, still it is a second nature to guess, *guess*, GUESS. When a boy, a little incident vividly impressed upon my mind the end to which this habit of guessing will lead. I was sent to market one day to a merchant who was known in the town as a man of success. At the same time I entered, another customer called, but just then the merchant was very busy. The customer had brought a nice roll of butter to sell. Seeing that the merchant was very busy, he said, "Oh, I am not particular about weighing the butter; we can guess it off." The merchant was an honest, but careful, business man, and as he looked his customer full in the face he said,

"THE MAN WHO GUESSES

is up in the poorhouse."

Further, the man who guesses isn't sharp, and I will prove it to you. Some years ago the "buyers" had a great fashion of going about the country buying stock and "lumping it off," as they called it; that is, *guessing* it off. Sometimes the buyers would throw out inducements to a man to "lump." For instance, a buyer induced one man to "lump off" a drove of hogs by offering him the privilege of "going to the store and picking out" for his wife a dress. Accordingly, the man sold, and, as might be expected, he got "sold." When the account was figured up he was "left" just thirteen dollars. Then he went to the store and picked out for his wife's dress ten yards of ten-cent gingham,—just an even dollar's worth,—and the buyer walked off, jingling the remaining twelve dollars in his pocket.

So, my friend, if you would succeed in life, you had better not guess, but weigh; and, in this age of tragical ventures and games of chance, I lift my voice in warning, for guessing often leads to tampering with lotteries, and tampering with lotteries leads to gambling, and *gambling* is the by-path to hell.

Again I ask, "Do you expect to succeed?" and I receive this answer: "I do

IF I HAVE GOOD LUCK."

Good luck! Young man, let me tell you something. There is not so much in "luck" as you now think. Most men who have luck make it themselves. John McGovern wrote this jeweled sentence in his "Golden Censer": "Lucky men are favorites of Heaven simply because they have been endowed with that charming blindness which keeps them from seeing that they are whipped in the battle of life." Just pray for that kind of "luck" and you will succeed. And again I ask, "Do you expect to succeed?" and this time the answer is, "Of course I do, for I am going to be a merchant [or a doctor, or a lawyer, or a preacher, as the case may be], and that means success." Now let me say to you frankly, that there is just the sand-bar on which many a little bark has foundered. Let me give you a hint or two to keep you away from the breakers and help you off the sand-bar, if you are on. The first thing you do, settle this question in your mind:

"WHAT AM I FIT FOR?"

Now don't trifle about this matter, for there is

no more important question that you will ever meet in order to insure success. Find out what you are "fit for," and then stick to it. It is said of the great painter Apelles, that when a cobbler stopped before a finished portrait and criticised a sandal, he corrected it, but when, again, the cobbler ventured to criticise a leg, Apelles told him he would do well to keep to his own trade; hence the Roman proverb, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*; literally, "The shoemaker should not be above his last," but in more liberal interpretation,

"EVERY MAN TO HIS OWN TRADE."

Then find out what you are "fit for," and whatever you are best fitted for should be your trade. But to this general rule there are some exceptions. One day I met an old acquaintance, and as we shook hands I said, "Well, what have you been doing since I last saw you?"

"Oh," said he, "I have been following my old trade."

"What is that?" I inquired.

"Why, a l-o-a-f-i-n-g."

I told this story in a lecture one evening in Chicago in the presence of the original loafer, and he laughed—and laughed—and laughed, because he thought the joke was on the other fel-

low. Now in this case I would advise a change, for the very good reason that the trade of loafing is already overdone.

LIFE AS A SUCCESS

may be viewed from two different standpoints. We may view man's highest achievements as related to this life and this world, and call it success. The achievement of wealth, position, honor, fame, and the title of greatness, is called success. Then we may view man's highest achievement as related to the future and call it success. The achievement of a good name, a peaceful mind, a clear conscience, and a hope of heaven, is called success. And now in the presence of these two views I ask you to decide which is true success. While we stand on the shore of time, our eyes become dazzled by the glare and glitter of the world. But when we shall stand on the shore of eternity, then our vision will be changed.

It was my privilege on the 7th of October, 1891, to witness the unveiling of Grant's monument at Lincoln Park, Chicago, in the presence of a quarter of a million spectators. While standing in that presence this question was suggested to my mind: "Why did the sculptor repre-

sent him in military garb and posture?" Then I reflected that it was in that sphere that he was greatest. Then I remembered how with resistless courage he pressed his foes until they were either conquered or had surrendered. But we best see

HIS TRUE GREATNESS

in the magnanimous spirit in which he treated his conquered foe, General Lee, at Appomattox; and, as I looked at his splendid statue gazing out over Lake Michigan toward Appomattox again, I imagined his rigid lips repeating anew that memorable sentence, "Let us have peace," a sentence uttered at a time when our divided nation so much needed the healing balm of peace. But Grant, the illustrious American, is now dead, yet his name, still living in history, is revered by millions, who aspire to be like him in greatness. Let us stand again under the nation's hanging drapery and review a few pages of his personal history. Judged by the achievements of his life—his military career, his eight years' presidency of the greatest republic on earth, his tour around the globe, with the honors of the kingdoms and empires of the world as their estimate of his greatness, and, at last, the tribute of honor from his countrymen as they laid him to rest in New

York at Riverside Park; judged, I say, by these achievements, and from the standpoint of this life and this world, he has no parallel in the history of our honored heroes.

WAS NOT THIS SUCCESS?

It was, but it was not complete enough for the man who won it. No! That successful life was not satisfied until he had confessed the Christian's faith, and recommended to man for a guide the Christian's Bible. For, on the 18th of April, 1885, on Mount McGregor, he made this declaration of his faith: "I believe in the Holy Scriptures. Whoso lives by them will be benefited thereby. Men may differ as to their interpretation, which is human, but the Scriptures are man's best guide."

Here is an example of

THE CONSOLATION OF THE GOSPEL

in contrast with that of earthly fame. Here is a great man, who with an unbiased mind was in the habit of deciding great questions. Here as judge he weighs the verities of truth in the balances of his judgment. To remind him that his name would ever be preserved to fame, he receives messages from all parts of the world. But in the

midst of this flood tide of honors he turns from them all to testify that the Bible is man's best guide.

And yet again, I would have you think on this word "success." Success is secured by seizing upon the flying opportunities as they pass. If the good thought or resolution now passing in your mind is treasured, it may serve as a stepping-stone to true success. The opportunity of this moment is golden. Therefore snatch it from the current of fleeting time lest it be forever past. Now with your hand on your heart, and your eye on the throne of God, let me pledge you to success—success that will insure happiness in two worlds, for true success brings happiness, *and true happiness is success.*

CHAPTER X

THE POISONED BEVERAGE

WHAT are you drinking, my friend; what are you drinking? You are careless, I see, and thoughtless, but what are you drinking? You think to treat this matter lightly, but heed this warning, and stop and consider what you are drinking. Do you know that the same greed for gold that prompts a saloon-keeper to sell liquors for money, when he knows that it will make the drinker a drunkard, will also prompt him to adulterate his drinks to make more money and worse drunkards? One crime begets another, and when we tolerate one sin it will breed a thousand more. There are facts (secret facts) known in the dark counsels of the liquor dealers that are most astounding—facts so deep dyed in sin that only the seething fires of hell can justly punish, facts that are deliberate and awful crimes—crimes against humanity and God, crimes which are well-nigh unpardonable.

On the 11th of July, 1892, I visited the old Water Street Mission, better known as Jerry McAuley's Mission; this Mission is located at 316

Water Street, New York City. Jerry McAuley has now been dead several years, but the good work is still carried on by his successor, Mr. S. H. Hadley. To give some idea of the locality, I will give you a description of it in Jerry McAuley's own words:

“But few can have any idea of the terrible dens with which this wicked locality was crowded. The basements were especially loathsome, several having particular names, such as ‘The Well,’ ‘The Man-Trap,’ etc.; they were merely holes in the ground under the houses where the tide backed in twice a day at high water. In each of these dark holes, without any windows or outlet, with no sinks or anything in the form of an opening for any purpose whatever, except the entrance from the street, from four to six girls or women, and as many men, used to live. From these death holes the girls would come out and buttonhole men as they passed by; sometimes they would snatch the hat from a sailor's head and

DART BACK INTO THEIR DEN.

“If he was wise, he would keep right on and let his hat go, for if fool enough to go inside it would be the worse for him. He would most likely be thrown out, after being beaten and

robbed, if not murdered, for sometimes men never came out of those holes alive. The inmates of these filthy dens died off rapidly, but their places were filled right away by others. This terrible state of things weighed on my mind so that I could not sleep at night, but tossed restlessly upon my bed; and I felt that to clear my conscience I must *do* something to break up these fearful places. I found, to my astonishment, that the owner of the property where these places were kept was a very rich man, living on Broadway, and was considered a very nice, respectable gentleman. I went to him with my burden, but he paid no more attention to me than he would to the barking of a dog. I could not for the life of me understand how this fine gentleman could be so indifferent to things that seemed so terrible to me. My astonishment was not so great when, afterwards, I found out that each of these holes brought him in from thirty to forty dollars per month."

I have given these words from Jerry McAuley to show two things: first, the wicked locality in which this Water Street Mission does its work; and, second, how some men of good repute will sometimes wink at vice, if they are making money out of it. But more as to this Mission:

It is truly a light in a dark place. The hardest kind of men and women go in there with the hardest kind of hearts, who live the hardest kind of lives; and accordingly their confessions are the hardest kind of stories of crime. But as I sat there listening to the old familiar songs and

THE OLD, OLD STORY,

which was so earnestly presented by Mr. S. H. Hadley, the worthy successor of Jerry McAuley, I thanked God in my heart for such a gospel, and such missions, which are sustained for the purpose of saving the most hardened sinners. And it seemed that there was a greater tenderness in the message, and a greater spiritual baptism resting upon the messenger for this greater work, than in ordinary gospel meetings. The songs also sounded sweeter, the gospel promises dearer, and the prayers holier. If ever the vision of a lost world flashed upon my soul, it was then. If ever man's sinfulness seemed hopeless and the gospel of Jesus the power of God unto salvation, it was then. If ever I realized the value of the mission of the Son of God among lost humanity, it was then.

While these hallowed thoughts were coursing through my mind, my very soul was charmed by

a mental vision of a world redeemed, in contrast with a world lost, when suddenly the quiet of the meeting was interrupted by the coarse voice of a rough-looking man who requested permission to make a confession. The story of his awful deeds was enough to chill one's life blood. In his confession he said that his life of sin had dogged him like a bloodhound upon his track for years, and he could neither rest nor sleep by day or by night. Then he said that he finally made up his mind to come to the Mission and openly confess his sins before God and man, let the consequences be what they might. Then he frankly told how he had broken every commandment in the decalogue, and that he had been false to his friends and the world. He said that he had been a thief and a libertine, and that he had been the cause of the death of four men. "But," said he, "*it all started from drink.*" Then he gave his experience as a saloon-keeper, and told how he had followed the example of his competitors by adulterating his liquors with the most deadly poisons. He told how, with a few gallons of whisky and the addition of chemicals and water, he had made

MANY BARRELS OF POISONED WHISKY.

He then gave a long list of the deadly poisons

used, including the following: strychnine, stramonium, belladonna, cocculus, opium, digitalis, dracontium, aconite, and also tobacco. On naming these deadly poisons there was a sensation, and Mr. Hadley stopped him in his awful story of crime. I asked Mr. Hadley why such fiends in human form were not justly dealt with, when he remarked that the man had only revealed what was commonly known and practiced by liquor dealers generally. By investigation since then, I have learned from reliable authority that this indictment of the liquor traffic is all too true. For example, a bushel of the best corn will make only three gallons of pure whisky; the manufacturer adds a gallon of water and a few cents' worth of strychnine and increases the three gallons to four; then the distiller sells a gallon of this strychnine-whisky to a wholesaler for pure (?) whisky; the wholesaler then takes this gallon of strychnine-whisky and adds another gallon of water and a few cents' worth of stramonium and a little opium, and he has two gallons; this he sells to the retailer for pure (?) whisky; the retailer then takes a gallon of this strychnine-, stramonium-, and opium-whisky and adds three gallons of water, and a few cents' worth of belladonna and some other ingredients to give color and make it hot,

so as to conceal the taste of these poisons, and then he sells this strychnine-stramonium-opium-belladonna-whisky to you and your boys, and your neighbor and your neighbor's boys for pure (?) whisky at ten cents a glass, and you drink it down without a question, and think you get drunk on pure (?) old rye whisky.

THE AWFUL WOE AND WRETCHEDNESS

which we see pictured on the faces of drunkards of to-day was not all stamped there by liquor alone. To the *bad effects* of liquor we see added the *worse effects* of deadly poisons. This adulteration is carried on so extensively that it is well-nigh impossible to stop this tide of evil. Whisky, rum, gin, brandies, and wines of all kinds, and also beer, are so adulterated that a "*pure article*" is rarely to be found. Why do men adulterate liquors? Why? For the money there is in it, of course. Why do men drink it without investigation? Simply because they want something to "make the drunk come"; and, judging from the *effects* they feel from drinking, they believe they have drunk pure (?) whisky because it "makes the drunk come" satisfactorily. It is the alcohol in the drink that "makes the drunk come," and the liquor venders, knowing this, use these power-

ful poisons because they produce similar effects to drunkenness. "Alcohol is an irritant, or stimulating poison, vegetable in its origin, and narcotic in its tendency"; and as a substitute the liquor vender uses such other deadly poisons as will irritate and stimulate and deceive the drinker, and make him believe that it is alcohol that has made "*the drunk come.*" Why is such wholesale deception and fraud tolerated in the liquor traffic? why, when it produces widespread destruction to the health and life of mankind?

A patrol-wagon drove up to the door of a Chicago saloon; the door opened and the officers carried out a dead man, and he was carted off to the morgue, and from thence to the potter's field with no more concern than if he had been a dead dog. The coroner's verdict was that he died from the effects of liquor, when the real fact was that he had actually died of *poison* in his liquor. A man standing by, and who witnessed the scene, said, "This makes the third man who has been carried out dead from that saloon within a month." These are facts, not fiction nor speculation; facts known so well that they scarcely need to be repeated.

Is there not yet left enough

AMERICAN MANHOOD AND HONOR

to banish this accursed plague from our land? Is there not yet left enough courage to wipe out this abomination of desolation? Is there not yet left enough honor and manhood among a free people to protect the health and life of its citizens? Awake to duty, O ye free and liberty-loving people, and come to the rescue of weak and fallen humanity, and defend at whatever cost the rising generation from the curse of liquor, and the curse of poisoned drink.

You say that you are willing to fight with me against the sale and use of poisoned drinks, but that we must regulate the sale of pure (?) liquors. We have been trying to do that very thing for over a century, and we have found the *regulating* method to be a stupendous failure, as was the *regulation of slavery*. Our nation never awoke to the plague of slavery until we saw that the blood of the white race was being mixed with the blood of the black race. It was not until the white man saw traces of his *own flesh and blood* standing on the auction block that he grew hot with rage; it was not until the slave-driver's whip drew *white blood with the black* that slavery in his eyes became a crime against humanity no longer to be tolerated; it was not until the shining dollars

from the sons of honest fathers became mixed with the dollars of the common gambler and flowed into the treasury of the Louisiana State Lottery, that the hand of Uncle Sam reached forth and wiped out that accursed lottery plague. And it will not be until the fathers of to-day see their sons reeling home drunk from poison mixed with *their own life blood* that they will awake to duty and fight this *seventh plague* of our land.

The distilleries, you know, feed cattle and hogs with the malt and slops from the stills. Several distillers in Ohio found that their hogs were dying from the strychnine in the slops. They quit feeding the strychnine-slops to the hogs, but kept right on making strychnine-whisky for the boys. What may we expect from the dealings of a just God if we do not take as much interest in the protection and salvation of our boys as the distiller does in his hogs. Remember, oh, remember, that "the thunder-bolts of God are hot." For if we *neglect* our duty—just *neglect*—how shall we escape the just judgments of God? The problem of problems is before us: how shall we solve it? The evil of evils and the crime of crimes is sweeping over us. Is there no help? The plague is in the camp. *How shall we escape?* We cannot afford to be silent or indifferent. We

must not delay. We dare not trifle with destiny. Sooner or later we must decide for weal or woe. Sooner or later this life-and-death contest must be waged. Sooner or later we shall perish if we do not rise in our strength and *strive for triumphant victory.*

CHAPTER XI

THE SLAVERY OF APPETITE

“I CAN drink, or I can let it alone.” Yes, that has been the declaration of many a bright young man,—“I can drink, or I can let it alone, because I am not as weak as that old drunkard.” So, in the boasted strength of his young manhood, he dashes into the future, self-confident and self-willed; he will not take counsel; he does not care for consequences; he recklessly defies fate. No one who knows of the pitfall of temptation that opens just the other side of the first drink, will ever turn heedlessly from good counsel. Any young man who says, “I can drink, or I can let it alone,” will find that he will either have to begin to let it alone very decidedly, and then leave it alone, or he will soon acquire an appetite that will finally make him its slave. Appetite, once formed, is very hard to control. There is something grand and heroic in the manly struggle of a man against a strong temptation and a craving appetite. There is no one who does not pity a man who is fighting such a battle. Whether they are weak or strong, is not the question. The

only question is, Is he in danger of falling, does he need help, will he be lost if he is not helped? This is the question with which we are confronted as workers for humanity's good. But there are some who have become such slaves to the power of appetite that, do what we may for them, we cannot persuade them to leave off the habit of drinking. This is why we plead so earnestly with young men never to drink.

As I go about in my work of rescue, it is often with a breaking heart. It is not because I do not see the sunshine; it is not because of any personal sorrow that has come upon my own heart, but it is because I see the feet of somebody's boy slipping into ruin. And, as I see somebody's boy falling, I think of my own dear boys, now young and innocent, and pure, and happy. Noble and good boys like my own are in danger, and I feel constrained to help them. I am thrust out by these thoughts into this sinful world, and prompted to active effort in their behalf. I must, if possible, rescue them from a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell. Yes, I am willing to give the best out of my life to rescue somebody's boy, because time is very long, and, as I reflect, the thought grows larger in my mind. And when in the moment of some great temptation I am not near to protect

my own dear boys, I daily pray that God will raise up some one in like manner to protect my boys. Think of that young man, the idol of tenderest affection, whom a mother has fondly caressed, and a father faithfully taught, and a host of kind friends have prayed for,—think of such a young man being bound by the slavery of appetite.

An incident from real life now comes before me.

MY FRIEND MACK.

I forbear giving his full name, for his friends' sake, for their hearts have been made sad enough by his reckless life and repeated falls, and I spare them further heart pangs by omitting the family name. Mack was a bright boy in youth and brilliant as a star in young manhood. Christian parents and cultured and respectable brothers and sisters cheered him on with lavished words of praise. Prayer and hallowed associations surrounded him with an atmosphere sacred and beneficent. A brother, his boyhood companion, became a gifted and successful minister of the gospel. A sister, now married, lives in a palatial home in Chicago. The family name is the synonym of honor. All these blessings were his, yet he became a prodigal. He was a graduate of

three colleges. He was skilled in music and educated for two professions. At one time he drew a salary of \$3,000 a year, with every encouragement for advancement if he would but give up drinking. Many a time have I heard him say, "I was one of the boys who boasted that I could drink or let it alone." When he said this to me he was a wreck; he was then trying to *let it alone*, but he could not. Then it was that he regretted his reckless life of dissipation, but it was then an almost hopeless struggle.

He told me in these words how he was induced to take his first drink:

"I was on my way home from Sunday school one day and passed the open door of a saloon [to have the saloon doors open on Sunday is in violation of the State law of Illinois, but Chicago saloon-keepers pay no attention to it], and it seemed that an evil spirit said to me, 'Look in at that door.' As I looked in, the bartender hailed me, and in pleasant smiles and persuasive tones invited me to 'come in.' Entering the door, I stepped up to the bar and stood talking for a moment with the bartender, when he turned and handed me a drink. [It is in violation of the State law of Illinois to sell to minors, but the Chicago saloon-keepers pay no

attention to it.] Under the same influence, as it seemed, of that evil spirit, I put the liquor to my lips. I did not like either its smell or taste, and was about to put it down without drinking it, when the saloon-keeper spoke up and said, 'Oh, drink it down; it won't cost such a good-looking boy as you are anything.' I knew my

PARENTS WOULD BE HEART-BROKEN

if they knew I was beginning to drink, but I dismissed the troublesome thought from my mind with the remark to myself, 'I can drink, or I can let it alone.' As I passed out, the saloon-keeper said with a smile, 'Come again, my little man.' The taste of the liquor, mingled with the declaration of the saloon-keeper that I was a 'little man,' had a stimulating effect, and, though only twelve years old, a conceited thought, born of the devil, prompted me to feel some way that I was more of a man than I had before realized. A '*little man*.' There was a witchery about this remark, a '*little man*,' that I had not before experienced,—no doubt due solely to the effects of the whisky,—and after that I grew to look upon the Sunday school as the place for women and children, and the saloon (always crowded with men) as the place for men, *men who could 'drink and let it alone.'*

“I kept these thoughts and the act of this first drink from my parents, a secret of the evil spirit’s prompting, and soon my dimes and nickels were going over the bar into the smiling saloon-keeper’s till, while the taste for liquor daily grew stronger. Being advanced for one of my years, I was early given the advantages of college training, and this took me away from the watchful care of parents and home. There I became more frequent in my secret visits to the wine and club rooms [places, by the way, where the deck of cards, the devil’s guide-book to hell, takes the place of the Holy Bible, God’s guide-book to heaven], and there with boon companions I played my first game of progressive euchre for the drinks. Gradually I left off going to church, and as I graduated from college and went out into the world for myself I soon also graduated from the church, and for eight years I did not step inside of a church. All these years I lived a gay and reckless life, drinking, *drinking*, DRINKING, yet consoling myself with the deceitful thought, ‘*I can drink, or I can let it alone.*’ I married a beautiful and lovely woman, to whom I promised to give up drinking if she would become my wife. But now, through drink, that home is in ruins, my whole life has been blighted, and I fear I shall be finally lost.”

There is no telling where a boy will stop when he has once acquired an appetite for liquor. There is something about the slavery of appetite that is most degrading. There is no brute that will get down lower than the man who has become

A SLAVE TO APPETITE.

When a man has once become a slave to drink, his moral sensibilities also become dulled, his reason unbalanced, his conscience seared, and he loses his manhood. Mack's case is but an illustration of thousands of others. This is no fancy sketch, but it is as real as life. He was only thirty-three, and his hair was yet raven black, his eyes yet sparkling with dashing brilliancy, and his brain active in thought when not stupefied with drink. Well do I remember the eight weeks in which he fought against his appetite like a hero. He was of that temperament that everything which he undertook was accomplished with a dash of genius. He possessed powers which, when turned to good, charmed into admiration every one with whom he came in contact. One night, when passing Sunshine Mission, located on West Madison Street, Chicago, and hearing the sound of music, he entered; and, though stupefied by drink, his heart was moved to thoughts of a

better life. He came forward and signed the pledge. Until that night, for eight years he had not entered the door of a church or a mission. The memories of early life in Sunday school and church came back to him like a flood tide. He went away and entered the old home, from which he had been a stranger, a wandering prodigal for years. His father was lying upon his deathbed, but received him with a forgiving father's heart. His father had him kneel at his bedside, as he used to when he was a little boy; and then the dear old saint reached out his thin, bony hand and rested it on his prodigal boy's head and prayed for God to save him from a drunkard's grave. It was an affecting scene. It was a scene to move the hardest heart. It was a fitting illustration of the returning prodigal. He went back to the Mission again, and night after night he labored to rescue others like himself who had fallen. When he sat down to the organ it seemed to have breathed into it a soul. His voice, once cultured and melodious, though having lost some of its sweetness through drink, still possessed enchanting charms, and, as he played and sang, all were thrilled with delight. But, oh, that appetite! that awful appetite! Like a hound upon his track, it still followed him. He had tried

every known remedy, and had been to fourteen institutions for the cure of inebriates, including the famous Keeley Gold Cure, but all to no permanent good.

I KNEW OF HIS STRUGGLE

for eight weeks, as he fought to free himself from the slavery of appetite. Night after night he would shut himself up in his room and lock the door, while the furious appetite burned within him like the fires of hell. Then again, he would go out upon the street, and walk for many weary hours of the night to quiet the throbbing of his fevered brain. And thus he would battle on, day after day and night after night, to subdue his craving passion for drink.

O you who are young, take warning, for it is perilous to trifle with the intoxicating cup! It is easy to start drinking, but it is hard to stop. It is pleasant to sip the wine-cup at first, but it is bitter to drink the dregs of sorrow at the last. It is thought to be the cup of joy while going the giddy rounds of pleasure, but it is found to be the cup of woe and death as one nears a drunkard's grave. O you who are young, with life's golden years before you, seek your pleasure outside of the tempting cup! Be content to seek

your happiness where it will reflect honor upon your home and your true and tried friends. Be a true man,—honest, temperate, and pure. Be sure that no temptation or appetite or passion makes of you a slave. There is a duty resting upon every good and loyal citizen. It is a shocking shame that this nation, which so loves freedom and liberty, should be in partnership with the crime of crimes, the liquor traffic, and that we should sanction the selling of boys to rumshops cheaper than ever slaves were sold to the cotton-planter. It is a disgrace to our enlightened civilization that we do not protect our boys from the plague of strong drink, which is often mixed with chemicals that are deadly poisons. It is a crime for which God Almighty will hold this nation responsible as certainly as he formerly held us responsible for the curse of human slavery.

CHAPTER XII

MAKE HASTE TO THE RESCUE

DRINK was his ruin. Clarence was his name. He was my companion in youth, my classmate at school, my boyhood friend. Together we played, the happiest of boys. Together we studied and recited our lessons at school. Together we grew up to young manhood. His father was once a minister, but somehow he took to moderate drinking, and finally drifted into infidelity. Clarence, who was the bright boy of the family, was the favorite, and his father indulged his every wish. He often went to town, and with other fast young men he became a frequent visitor at the saloon, where he took his occasional glass. Then he tried his hand at pool and cards. Well do I remember the time when his father's attention was called to his boy's

FIRST WAYWARD STEPS.

But the father gave orders to the saloon-keeper of the town to let *his* boy have all the liquor he wanted whenever he desired a drink,—for Clarence at that time was a minor,—and then he announced

to all who were concerned about *his* boy, that he would demonstrate to other neighboring fathers that the best way to cure a boy of drinking habits was to let him have all the liquor he wanted. But, oh, the sad, sad consequences that followed. At twenty-one he was a hard drinker. At twenty-three he had drunk himself out of the best society, where formerly his brilliant talents made him shine like a star. At twenty-five he reeled along the streets a common, bloated, drunken sot, a horse trader, a poker player, and a wretched, ruined wreck. This is not fiction that I am writing for you to read. Nay, verily; it is every word true to life, so true that I wish I could forget it, and erase it from the records of memory. Oh, if you knew how my heart was pained as my eyes beheld this tragedy take place during those years as they passed, those years so vivid now in living memories. Oh, if you only knew how my heart beat with sympathy for that companion of my boyhood, whose young life had been an inspiration, so happy and gay was he. Oh, if you only knew how the memory of that precious life, wrecked and ruined by drink, has urged me on to duty through all these years, you would then understand why I am so much in earnest to prevent young men from likewise falling, and why I

so earnestly seek to rescue the lost. The marvel to me is that this evil, this drinking custom, of our time is not hated to death instead of being fostered and tolerated.

VICTIM AFTER VICTIM GOES DOWN,

and the lives of thousands are yearly sacrificed because of strong drink. The best of our homes are saddened and the brightest of our young men are ruined because of the ravages of this plague. The shoes are taken off the feet, the coat off the back, and the bread is taken out of the mouths of the hungry because of drink, and yet men will drink, *drink*, DRINK.

The fact now confronts us, that a plague has sprung up in our land like unto the seventh plague of ancient Egypt, and its breath of death is filling the very air we breathe. Beware of this seventh plague. Oh, that God would burn this warning into every heart, engrave it on the earth beneath, and paint it on the sky above! Oh, that men would know and understand its meaning and act and live accordingly! Oh, for conviction deeply impressed upon the soul, that will be crystallized into action! "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright: at the last

it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." This is a sufficient reason for the most ardent enthusiasm in seeking out and rescuing the fallen who are sinking to the depths. Be quick, delay not, make haste.

"TO PREVENT IS BETTER THAN TO CURE."

By all legitimate means we should prevent our brothers from falling. Our first thought should be, *Prevent*. Our second thought should be, PREVENT. Our third thought should be, PREVENT. And acting upon our serious thought we should make every effort to prevent, and thereby avoid the necessity of resorting to a cure. Loud, and clear, and long should be sounded this warning in the ears of every boy in the land: Beware, beware of strong drink! Take care of the boys, for the saloons can no more exist without boys than a sawmill can run without logs. Boys are wanted to support the business of the saloons. The old toppers are wasting their lives and their money, and are dying off. They are not wanted. They are no longer profitable. They must move out and move on, and take their places with the rank and file of the hundred thousand who are yearly filling drunkards' graves. The command is issued: "Go out, old drunkards; come

in, young men"; and they go, and they come. If the

OLD CROP OF DRUNKARDS

would die off and that would be the end of it, we might hope for a better day, a brighter future, and an end to this harvest of woe. But what of the future? Will the better days ever come? Will this harvest of woe ever end? Hear the wailing cry of humanity. Pleading wives and children hold out their helpless hands. Do you see them? Homes once happy, now in ruins—do you see them? Whole families, bitten by the serpent and dying of the plague, cry out for help. Do you hear them? Whole cities and States and nations over the earth are mourning for their thousands upon thousands slain. Do you hear them? This wail of woe comes up like the sound of many waters and the peals of distant thunder. Then speak, O messengers of truth, and with the loud-sounding trumpet to your lips proclaim the alarm. Let every heart be quick to respond, and every hand ready to work, that we may warn in time the youth, save the precious homes from ruin, and rescue the fallen—the fallen; but not yet lost. In the social circle be bold to speak, "Look not thou upon the wine." Look not upon the enticing fiery red. Be not

tempted to risk your future with poison mixed with your life blood. "Look not thou upon the wine." "Touch not; taste not; handle not." Put it far from thee, that thou mayest escape

THE CERTAIN CONSEQUENCES

that inevitably follow its use. What consequences? Are you mad? Are you a stranger to the woes of intemperance? Are you awake, or dreaming? What consequences? The bite of the serpent, the sting of the adder; the sting, the more bitter sting of regret; the blood poisoned; the brain on fire; the soul dwarfed and blighted, and finally lost. See yonder young man—the idol of his parents, the pride of his home. Honored and pure, he stands charmed by thoughts of love and happiness. At his feet crouches a deadly serpent that he does not see, the harm of which he does not know. With wicked eyes it is drawing back its vicious head preparing for the deadly leap. You see it, with mouth open, tongue extended, and eyes fired with the wickedness of hell. You see its deadly fangs ready to mix its poison with that young man's life blood. You see it all. But why do you stand idly by, with never a word of warning, with never an effort to rescue! Are you charmed by the serpent's subtle power? Break,

oh, break the charm and strike that serpent down! Why, oh! why, are you blind? Are you deaf? Are you dumb? Go to his defense! Go to his rescue! Make haste, lest he perish! The chilled blood runs icy through the veins, the heart throbs like a beating drum, the cold sweat drops trembling from the brow. Your presence of mind returns; you shriek a warning cry that startles him from his fancied dreams. Awakened, he sees his perilous danger. Sin's magic charm is broken, and the young man is rescued—he is saved.

THOUSANDS OF OTHER YOUNG MEN

would likewise be grateful for your interest, your earnest warning, and your kindly help in time of need. Go stand on the crater of a seething volcano, go walk on the crust of a sea of molten lava, go dance on a wire over the flames of a heated furnace, rather than trifle with liquid hell-fire and expect to escape unharmed. This is why we warn the young and admonish the old; this is why we plead for you to never press the poisonous beverage to your lips; this is why we plead with ceaseless importunity to win the fallen back to sober lives,—because there is no hell that burns so furiously as the drunkard's hell. No unkind

words have I for the unfortunate drunkard if he really is an unfortunate; no hatred is in my heart—no desire to do him harm. But I have something to say to you if you are rushing madly to certain ruin. I have this to say: Beware! Beware, lest you wake up sometime, somewhere, hopelessly lost to all the appeals of reform. And I have something to say to you if you can prevent a brother's fall and will not do it. I have this to say:

BEWARE! BEWARE!

Beware, lest you wake up sometime, somewhere, in a hell seven times more furious than the drunkard's hell. I only wish that I might use milder terms. I only wish that the truth might be couched in more pleasing language. I only wish that sin were not so black—*the sin of neglect*. But sin is sin, and the thunderbolts of truth are hot when they come from the Sinai of God. And because deep ruin is so fathomless, and because no one can rescue the finally lost from those depths,—because of this rigid truth I must say, "What I have written I have written." We are now living in the golden age of opportunity. The wide world was never so ripe as now for a harvest. The churches of all the creeds, and the

young people's societies of all the churches, and all the temperance societies of every type should unite against this common foe. If all the temperance and Christian workers will do their full duty, this land may be made a changed land within the next ten years. From the ranks of the youth alone an army can be enlisted that will make the

STRONGHOLDS OF RUM VERILY TREMBLE.

In the faint murmur of distant voices do you not hear the good news of a near redemption? In the signs of the times do you not see omens of a brighter future? In the uplifted cross do you not behold the early coming of the better kingdom? O suffering and dying ones, look and live! Look, O unfortunate ones that are bitten by the serpent and stung by the adder! O plague-smitten race, there is life for a look at the uplifted Christ.

Nelson, at Trafalgar, spoke these memorable words: "England expects every man to do his duty." And in doing our duty let us remember these words of Jesus to his disciples: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do. . . . If ye

shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it." Let this prayer then go up from every Christian heart: "O Jesus, the Christ, thou Son of God, grant that this *seventh plague* be removed from our land." For the removal of this *plague* let ten thousand times ten thousand hearts and voices pray, of every tongue and kindred, of every church and creed, of every age, both young and old. *For it ought to be done; it can be done; it will be done.* IF WE DO OUR DUTY, *God will do the rest.*

AFTER FIFTY YEARS

NOTE.—This poem was written for the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. P. De Mosse, which was celebrated November 4, 1891, at Drury, Rock Island County, Illinois, these being the parents of the author's wife, Mrs. Flora H. Morse, to whom these lines are affectionately dedicated.

FIFTY years! How time has changed us!
 Changed the visions of our life!
How the shadows came unbidden
 In life's battle and its strife!
But the clouds have always parted
 When our troubled life was sad,
And the sun looked down from heaven
 Just in time to make us glad.
Happy bride and prouder bridegroom,
 Fifty years ago to-day,
'Midst a shower of kindly wishes,
 Started life's eventful way.
From a host of lads and lasses
 Came a token, look, or word,
Bearing thoughts more dear and tender
 Than our ears before had heard:
Wishing good, and none of evil;
 Wishing sunshine, none of cloud;
Making deeper our devotion
 At the altar we had vowed.
Happy children came to greet us,
 Stayed to cheer our lonely hours,
Voicing music more enchanting
 Than all earth's sweet, blooming flowers.
Hark! the sound of children's voices,
 Making music as of old:

“Grandpa, Grandma, ’ they are saying,
“Now the tale is told.”

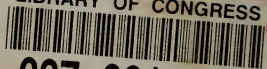
In one face is seen the picture
Of the grandsire’s when a boy;
In another face the laughter
Of the grandmother’s early joy.
Memory makes the heart beat lighter
In the thoughts of early youth;
Richer grows the store of knowledge
In our striving after truth.

Life comes through us unto others,
Stamps our impress on their brow;
Answer cometh to our questions,
God of nature knoweth how.
Fate is certain; time is fleeting;
To their dictates all must bow,
And we ever muse with feeling
Then and now.

Then our path was strewn with flowers,
Cheered by youths and maidens fair;
Now the evening twilight gathers,
Leaving marks of weary care.
Then youth glowed in every fiber,
Hope was joyous, future bright;
Now we’re bent with age and trembling
From life’s conflict and its fight.
Fight of faith, we know its meaning,
Truth has made us brave to dare;
We must be heroic soldiers,
If a crown of glory wear.
Faith and truth we both have tested,
Knowing now their value rare;
Faith and truth have never failed us,
Though we oft were bowed with care.
Now, our children, list a moment,
While this counsel we will give:
Work not only for the present—
There’s a future life to live.

All your earthly plans will fail you
 When the crisis comes at last;
Earthly years flee like a phantom—
 Soon they 're buried in the past.
Take this counsel; it will guide you
 Through the weary waste of years,
Comforting in time of sorrow,
 It will drive away your fears.
Take this faith and live and labor
 In the life that now is given;
There we 'll meet no more to sever,
 In a better home in heaven.

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